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to the
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
SOUTHERN BRANCH

JOHN FISKE

THE

WANDERER

IN

AMERICA,

OR

Truth at Home;

COMPRISING

A STATEMENT OF OBSERVATIONS AND FACTS

RELATIVE TO THE

UNITED STATES & CANADA,

NORTH AMERICA;

The Result of an Extensive Personal Tour, and from Sources of Information the most Authentic;

INCLUDING

SOIL, CLIMATE, MANNERS, & CUSTOMS, OF ITS CIVILIZED INHABITANTS & INDIANS,

Anecdotes, &c. of Distinguished Characters.

BY C. H. WILSON.

" I will a round unvarnished Tale deliver."
"~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~nothing extenuate,
" Or set down aught in malice.

SHAKESPEARE.

THIRSK:
Printed for the Author by Henry Masterman.
1823.

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To General the Right Hon.

THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE,

&c. &c. &c. K. C. B.

GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF

HIS MAJESTY'S POSSESSIONS AND FORCES IN

North America.

May it please your Excellency,

PROMPTED by no interested motive, or questionable adulation, permit me, my Lord, to intreat your acceptance of the following pages, as a trifling testimony of gratitude, which every man, acquainted with the Government over which you preside, will cheerfully corroborate. Your inflexible and sound policy as a RULER, *and your unbounded benevolence and commisseration in private life, are equally conspicuous. Whether in the Senate or the Field, wisdom and courage are your's; and the hapless European Stranger, or dusky resident of the Wilderness are joint partakers of your sympathy and advice, all concur as a completion of evidence to apologise for the obtrusion of,*

My Lord,

Your Excellency's,

Obedient, devoted, humble Servant,

Quebec, 1821, **THE AUTHOR.**

TO THE READER.

THE Reader who condescends to peruse the following pages, is respectfully requested not to anticipate that in such compilation he will find the classic elegance of a distinguished education, or the finished explanation of refined philosophy; but he may rest assured, the title of the Travels, or narative truth shall be the POLE-STAR of such statements; and though numerous have been the publications on the same subject, yet unawed by precedent, and the Author an unlettered Adventurer, the observations fearlessly contained shall defy contradiction.—I am not meandering towards MOUNT PARNASSUS, but have traversed COLUMBIA'S REGION; and if my remarks, rude and simple as they may appear, serve as a preventive or beacon, in the cause of emigration, I solemnly declare my motive will be obtained, and highest ambition fully gratified.

C. H. WILSON.

THE

Wanderer in America,

&c.

CHAP. I.

Emigration is a wholesome drain on a redundant population
BURKE.

IT is a subject of much, and indeed serious regret, that English writers, and would-be-considered American travellers, have been found so base, either from mercenary motives, or a decided and determined enmity to their native soil, that thousands of British subjects have become sacrifices on the alter of such cupidity.

The most recent Authors of Travels in North America, since the works of the Duke de la Rouchefoucault, and Mr. Weld, are Messrs Hall, Birkbeck, Fearon, Palmer, Bradbury, and Cobbett.

The writings of Mr. Hall are correct, and often elegant, but not connected with advice or opinion relative to emigration.

Mr. Birkbeck.--The tragic anxiety of this gentleman to decoy to the Illinois Territory every devoted lunatic who on his arrival was found furnished with money, and possessing a head unfurnished with brains, cannot be sufficiently execrated; and I am bold enough to painfully assert, in melancholy remembrance of the many broken-hearted sorrows I have witnessed, that I know no criminal in vice's catalogue who merits suspension more than this unblushing yea and nay adventurer.

Mr. Fearon writes like an Englishman, with truth and caution.

Mr. Palmer's observations are chiefly mere garbled extracts from Mr. Bradbury. As his own Tour was extremely limited, his information therefore cannot be of any public utility; but his publicatiou might have been less objectionable, because of less injury to society, if his borrowed ideas had possessed generally an ingredient called veracity.

Mr. Cobbett is such a weathercock and unchaste politician---to-day kneeling at the shrine of Monarchy, and

to-morrow at that of Republicanism---that it appears doubtful whether he means what he writes, or a premeditated *hoax* upon the public; but I am happy in thus offering my willing testimony, that he never encouraged emigration as a general specific, for the promulgation of his sentiments on that subject where confined to Long Island; and I am inclined to believe his enmity to Mr. Birkbeck's specious villainy saved the lives and property of many individuals.

Inoculated with the *mania* of transportation, and, I confess, infatuated with the plausible imposition of delinquent writers, and having a family, which according to the destructive doctrine of such writings, I had the chance of making for a present and future provision, by the application of ordinary industry, inclined me to favor the change: and at this unlucky period my feelings were unhappily and unfortunately wounded by the unmerited and unwarrantable neglect of those who, according to the laws of nature and humanity, and the accepted etiquette of society, I had a right to claim as friends not to painfully recognize as enemies, this regret gave a decision to the contemplated departure; but the public, I humbly entreat, will allow me to aver, that no political motives had any share, directly or indirectly, with the transfer.

Arrived at Liverpool, a town at once the seat of elegance, opulence, commerce, refinement, industry, and

enterprize, and where I had, in happier days beguiled many a social hour, my first enquiry was a ship destined for New York, and I soon found accommodations on board the American Ship Magnet, burden 350 tons, and a finer sea boat never kissed the Atlantic wave. Having ten days for preparation, all was in readiness for the voyage, and we assembled on board, passengers to the number of sixty-three, men, women, and children, and immediately left our dock birth, and proceeded with a light breeze from the N. E. to sea; and I soon found knavery in the collection of our migrating companions.

A boat from the Cheshire side of the River Mersey augmented our number by the addition of a respectable looking man, who it appeared was the parent of half a dozen then on board, some of them grown-up young men but they were so transformed by the trumpery addition of ear-rings and other external appendages of Yankee costume, that every vestige of Cambridgeshire rusticity had vanished; and I am afraid nay am confident, a breach in the moral principles of the father had suggested this harlequinade, to avoid an unpleasant visitation from *Messrs. Doe & Roe*, at the suit of a much-injured wife and that departure from right gave an unlimited latitude of wrong to the rude manners of this *amiable* family.

We soon cleared the Rock, and about 4 P. M. our pilot left us; the following morning we descryed the Tus-

car light-house, and as the wind veered round to the westward, we bid not adieu to the last point of Erin's domain, Cape Clear, until the third day of our departure from Liverpool; then commenced a specimen of American honor and equity: previous to our sailing as there was only one cabin passenger, twelve of us occupied the state or dining room, agreeable to the influence of an additional number of dollars---the grand pivot upon which alone moves the whole machinery of Yankee rectitude. The chief mate was then ordered to stow away *these here cables,* according to the *erudition* of our *accomplished* captain. In vain did we remonstrate against such an outrage, our limited space being the appointed receptacle, which nearly closed the avenue of ingress and egress. The only replication was, "I am captain." "Then, Sir," said I, "you are bound in that capacity, to say nothing of honor and humanity, for the credit of your ship and advantage to its proprietors, to fulfil the contract between yourself, your employers, and the passengers."---No material circumstance took place or observation occurred during the passage, except an unusual number and variety of the inhabitants of the deep, for as the weather was fine, the whale, shark, grampus, dolphin, and innumerable shoals of less visitors frequently surrounded us, and the floating monuments of "arctic waste," buoyant and glittering beneath the orb of heaven, had a fine effect.

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
"Almighty!" MILTON.

Neptune sometimes in an angry mood, and sometimes in a frolicksome one, disturbs the harmony of aquatic travellers. The natal day of a female on board was celebrated by a general tea-party on deck; hyson and bohea, Yorkshire cakes, biscuits, pickled tripe, and salt beef, abundantly furnished the sumptuous *gala*, interspersed with a profusion of chat, and some scandal, usual in such *converzationes*. Mr. Boreas not gallantly or politely regarded the supreme happiness of ladies thus engaged, blew unexpectedly a hurricane; this sudden derangement created more confusion on May 15, 1819, at 8 P. M. on board the gallant Magnet, than I believe was on board the blazing L'Orient at 10 P. M. on the memorable 1st of August, 1798. Crockery became brokery; to leeward lay extended our sable six-foot cook, and prostrate alongside, his sooty mansion called "a cabouse;" pots, kettles and cans, with all the appendages of tea equipage, and all the lumber of a tolerable larder, became dispersed in one wild *chaos*, and the sweet tones of gossip were superseded by---*Haul in the main sheet---Down top-sails---Reef the foresail---Now my brave ship, she rides handsomely through----Cheerly, my hearts, now she rights again---My Timbers, what a squall was there!*--Forecastle in and a tremendous sea rolling over, is not exactly captivating; however in ten minutes all was calm, and the violin reassembled the company, dancing commenced, and all the variety of the capering *melange* was exhibited from the graceful attitudes of the

catabaws to the spread eagle monotony of the *minuet de la cœur.* The "light fantastic toe" became exhausted, and then Apollo struck the lyre, the muses sung in strains alternate---

An Old Woman clothed in grey,
The Chapter on Noses,
Now we are going to Botany Bay,
And Love among the Roses.

About our 30th day at Sea, our ruler, who was neither a gentleman nor a seaman, stated we had gone to the southward of the Banks of Newfoundland; I doubted such, and was corroborated in my opinion by both mates and seamen, not being a novice in the navigation of the Atlantic, or an immediate stranger to some nautical information. In eighteen hours after we were on those celebrated Banks, distinguished by a continual dense fog or mist, and in general extremely cold. On the 42d day the Headlands of Nova Scotia were seen from the mast head; the 43d day we made Sandy Hook, and received a pilot on board, and anchored that night on the Quarantine ground, nine miles from New York. The following morning, after the indispensable examination

of a medical officer had been satisfied as regarded the health of all, we proceeded with the tide, and anchored at 11 A. M. close to the grand emporium and pride of Columbia---NEW YORK.

CHAP. II.

Now, thought I, for this far-famed land of liberty, this region of freedom and virtue, and only Republic on earth: but soon my feelings were alarmed, and I found correct my friend *Dennis Brulgruddery's* opinion, that this same arrogance was only produced by "rubbing one dirty shilling against another, for we were guarded by the *Argus* eyes of custom-house officers; and the first demand of the American Government is a palpable robbery on the purses of all foreigners---a dollar is exacted from each person, from infancy, and we were told it was for the *Hospital support!*---Ah! said I, such in England is the voluntary contribution of the friends of humanity, not levied upon the stranger, often without a dollar to satisfy such injustice; and I will venture to assert, that this indirect mode of maintaining, as is is called a Charitable Institution, is amply remunerated in every department, including calomel, rhubarb, helebore, and Gruel, by the

stated demands on British subjects only, which in twelve months, from January 1819 to January 1820, amounted in Emigrants to the port of New York alone, to 27,000!

Having obtained a receptacle for my family---a boarding-house, I became impatient to reconnoitre; and passing the principal street, "Broadway," the Bond-street of London in America, I came to the City Hall, or Court House, and found it surrounded by the *mobility*, and enquiring the cause, I was informed an ill-fated negro woman was going to be executed for an attempt to poison the family of her employer, or *boss*---the term master being exploded and scouted in the American diction.--- "Indeed! what, do they hang people here for less crimes than murder?"--"Oh yes, often."--I returned home and alternately ruminated, in a kind of melancholy reverie, on the wretched criminal and Government--comparisons as they concerned John Bull and his younger brother, Jonathan.

On the stranger's entering New York, the first impression is certainly pleasing; streets generally wide, wearing, by their innumerable stores or shops, the appearance of wealth and industry, and as it is literally an island, the beautiful East and North, or Hudson River

are certainly imposing, bearing on their gliding surface ships and boats of all tonnage, from the smallest market craft to the boasted invulnerable steam ship of war, the horrible invention of PLUTO---an infernal instrument too savage to depict. *

Having visited the principal buildings, *externally*, Churches, Theatre, and Hall dedicated to Justice, I felt disposed to view the interior. The Theatre is, both in point of beauty and magnitude, far inferior to several of our provincial Theatres.--The Churches are all modern, and in their structures, or architectural designs, simply elegant; but the materials, like two-thirds of buildings of every description in America, are *wooden*--monuments of bad taste and improvident speculation, mere birdcages, formed of perishable matter. The City Hall is a handsome building, the pride of all well bred Americans, and I have been gravely told by some of them, the largest upon earth; such novel information I once received from a professional descendant of Hippocrates. "You have then," I replied, "seen in England Blenheim,

* The timbers of this vessel are so enormously thick, that she is pronounced impregnable; and any attempt to board her, would be opposed by a terrible annoyance of boiling water!

Stow, Belvoir, Wentworth, Woburn, Lowther, Burleigh, Wollaton, Chatsworth, and Dunham."—"Oh, no, I have not travelled farther than the Jerseys to a Camp Meeting." "Then, Sir, I respectfully wish to correct your mistaken ideas; those mansions the residences of honor, benevolence, and hospitality, are equal in size, and St. Paul's in London, or St. Peter's in Rome, would admit the whole within their walls!"

In a short time I had an opportunity to witness their forms and manners in this building of jurisprudence, Prejudice, I admit has its influence over the human passions; and although a *wig* may not impart wisdom to the wearer, I felt an impression in favor of *wiggery*. In a court of Justice in England it adds a degree of solemnity; But in America neither wigs, nor decorum are requisite; it is certainly true, the judge is indeed exalted upon a higher seat, by which alone you can distinguish him from the poor captive, and the cause, civil or peccant, is invariably decided by the influence of--dollars; and will not any European foreigner condemn the non observance of decency? The *segar* is in continual requisition, the eternal companion of judge, counsellor, jury, and spectators; you are consequently stupified with smoke, and *spit upon* as an especial mark of freedom. The Civil Code is so grossly imperfect that it gives birth to endless litigation and unnatural aggravation; husbands, wives,

fathers and children are in daily contention and ridiculous prosecution, such as I am positive no English Magistrate would sanction, but humanely reprehend. Again, in all pecuniary suits, the decision is a mere farce; the defeated party demands srxty days (the expences and debt probably not sixty shillings) to pay this *prodigious* amount; if he remain honest so long, a second respite is obtained, thus prevaricating from time to time, the plaintiff, like the Irish comedian, is a *loser* by his *benefit*.

It is highly honourable to the children of *Saint Patrick*, in the recollection that a distinguished countryman, exiled by the politics and consequent affliction of the day is now as a professional man, the Cicero of America---the Erskine of England, both as an orator and a lawyer, and with humble deference, in their national chronicle of illustrious characters, enrolled with a Wellington, a Charlemont, an O'Keeffe, a Swift, a Burke, a Sheridan, a Grattan, &c. I record on its imperishable page the eloquent advocate of mercy, and the powerful opponent of oppression and injustice; such a character acknowledged by all, is---MR EMMETT.

In my perambulations I found a new object of attraction; red flags at several doors, and "*vendue*" inscribed thereon--a Dutch term for auction. Unwilling to lose

the meaning and nature of such traffic, I entered these abodes of fraud and robbery, and painfully witnessed the sale of British goods to a great amount, for less than half the cost to the manufacturer; and this system is not novel, but general, This, then, said I peevishly to myself, accounts for the publication of a majority of names in a certain periodical exposition called a *Gazette*. We must either condemn the merchants and manufacturers of Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, and the Potteries, as common idiots or as they say in America, of that respectable class of society, they are wide awake, and find even a bankrupt market in America convenient to supply a little immediate cash; but it is my humble opinion, though ignorant of the secrets of counting houses on either side of the atlantic, the British merchants finds out his mistake, like the deluded emigrant, when the thunder of disappointment and ruin rattle in his ears.

The Police of New York is a strange mixture of inconsistences.---The streets are miserably dirty, as to them is consigned the filth of most houses, and suffered to remain in all seasons, July and August excepted; and you are continually annoyed by innumerable hungry pigs of all sizes and complexions, great and small beasts prowling in grunting ferocity, and in themselves so great a nuisance, that would arouse the indignation of any but Americans. Often has the ravenous sow, impelled by hunger, seized the infant in the streets of Columbi a's

proud city, and would but for prevention, have banquetted upon human innocence. The markets of New York are well supplied with provisions of all kinds, which are in price far less than in the metropolis of England; fish, poultry, and pork, are excellent, but beef, mutton, veal, &c. are far inferior to the same productions in England; the cause under its proper head, I will explain in the course of my remarks; and, with the exception of malt liquor, the votaries at the shrine of *Bacchus* may enjoy, for the fourth part of the sum, the *glorious* and *exhilarating blessings* of the Jolly God.

CHAP. III.

I KNOW not whether the following remark is a system of secret deputation, or agency of the Government, or the deliberate villainy of rascally impostors. Every tavern wall is decorated with advertisements of thousands of acres of land for sale in every direction of the Union, stating terms in such puffing strains, that would put out of countenance a recommendation of Gilead's Balm, Brodum's Cordial, or Lee Sugg's Invisible Witch of Endor; such traps to catch the unwary, are generally a complete fraud. Doctors Johnson and Middleton, both M. D. are conspicuous characters in this species of traffic. Dr. Johnson tells his customers, who are, with few exceptions, English, that he is a countryman from the neighbourhood of Tenbury, Worcestershire; and the grinning Middleton claims the environs of Bow Bells as his native place; nor do I doubt his assertion,--*ominous idea!* as I recollect there is a certain *college* thereabouts, vul-

garly denominated *durance vile*, where we may trace the heraldic honours of his distinguished compeers, Jonathan Wild, and George Barrington. By way of illustration, I beg leave to state my own credulity; the latter gentleman announced for sale in Pike County, Pensylvania, matchless land. Accompanied by a Yorkshire gentleman, we visited this *Ollapod* of deception, who assumed sorrow and regret that so many of his countrymen should become dupes to American trick, to obviate which, sighing from his mimic soul a desire to render good, even at the expence of personal sacrifice of property. During this philanthropic detail, the finger (sparkling, cased in a brilliant diamond) traced the splendid map, and pointed out the bounteous land and wild buck range. Won by his apparent sincerity, I gratefully acknowledge, I should have added my name to the catalogue of downright maniacs, but for the penetration of my *keen* friend, who observed the Doctor's proposals were far "*warse*" than Yorkshire, and buying a pig in a poke, adding, "nay, marry, I should be *varry* sorry if I was'nt a better judge."

A part of the Doctor's proposed stipulations was an advance or prompt payment of a dollar for each acre contracted for; this fine fellow, I subsequently found, had successfully played off a similar trick in

London fifteen years ago. However, being honoured with the name and direction to his domain, we commenced our route, the distance being eighty computed miles. Having a swamp and river to cross, on our entering the town of Newark, state of New Jersey, we heard, as we supposed, those faithful monitors---- mastiffs; and our hostess for the night being an English lady, I enquired if such animals were in general use, such as we had heard. A question like this excited the risible faculties of my fair countrywoman, and I heartily joined in the laugh. "No Sir," she replied, "these supposed tremendous dogs are *bull frogs*."---"You mean, Madam, bull dogs;" but I was soon convinced I had made a *bull*, for those amphibious songsters were the serenaders of the night. The following morning we proceeded, like pilgrims seeking the Holy Loretto, in search of Canaan, and the expectation of milk and honey created a stimulus for pedestrious exertion, amidst all the difficulties of bad roads and the pleasure of a scorching sun then in the zenith of his domain. On our arrival at Morristown, which, like Newark, has a thriving appearance, the respectable tavern of Mr. Hayden invited us to enter and recruit our physical wants, and we found him a pleasant, communicative man---a strange animal in this *Land of Nod;* for American taciturnity is far less disposed to information than an *automaton:* rarely can you obtain from them more than the unmeaning, dissatisfactory terms---"I guess"---or, "I calculate;" a *nod* makes

up for all. It is truly the *Land of Nod.* Often have I compared them to surly canine quadrupeds, who growl as they pass, and would if they had leisure, turn and bite.

Having inquired our future route from Mr. Hayden, he probably read the legible index of our mission, by guessing we were in search of land, and by answering in the affirmative, and Pike County our object, he smiled and sarcastically observed, to our mortification, "if stones and the barren waste had been our pursuit, we were certainly in the right path to find such; but if their existed land, it was invisible" This *pleasing* information was fully confirmed by the respective opinions, of other respectable gentlemen present. My companions having friends originally from England, at a celebrated watering-place called Scholey's Mountains, some twenty-five miles westward of Morristown, we changed our course for this American restorative, but found not Bath, Tunbridge Wells, Harrogate, gay Brighton, nor health-breathing Scarborough, but one solitary inn, planted in a rude spot of nature---a correct counterpart of Matlock scenery, mountain gloom, and rockrent precipices. Its celebrated water possesses properties similar to one of the Harrogate springs---a combination of sulphur, iron, &c. and is considered of great benefit to the valetudinarian. Having reach-

ed our destination, after a fourteen miles morning walk, appetite became rather impatient: and like *Jeremy Diddler*, "I consoled the bowels with a promise; but man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards;---for our countryman had forgot the rights of hospitality, an old English custom, and Yankee refinement had succeeded. After a desultory conversation of four hours, chiefly relating to the usual enquiries of Who's married? Who's dead? Who's living, &c. the tea table made its appearance, and the singing kettle made sweet music in my delighted ears; and the attack we made upon the pyramids of bread and butter; would have honoured a similar corps of Londoners, who are celebrated in such engagements. In the evening we returned for sleeping accommodations to the inn, as my friend Rawlinson's house was under the controul of carpenters and masons. The next morning my companions returned to bid farewell to their friends; for myself, I took breakfast with the *dandies* and *dandyzettes* of this fashionable resort; but here again silence reigned, and in ten minutes, after a long-face invocation, from a Disciple, of the chaste Johanna, had sanctified the good things of the table, the room was cleared, except "*Pill Garlick.*" Not being disposed to hazard sudden death by choaking, novel curiosity prompted me to enquire from mine Host, if such dispatch was usual, "Yes Sir" he rather peevishly reply'd we Americans have Patent Mouths---right Sir I rejoin'd and Stomachs too and block tin the

Materials. I will not quarrel with people on account of customs, nor did I flatter the Americans by an adoption of theirs; but certainly this rapidity of eating is, in my opinion, inconsistent with health and good manners; for my own part my time has been frequently employed at the table, and eyes taken from the substantial to the picturesque;---the distortion of countenance, the swelled cheeks, &c. can only be imagined by the pleasing sensation of a *hot potatoe* being imprisoned in a certain cavity called a mouth.

We returned to New York by way of Elizabeth Town; and as my friend was a complete agriculturalist, he saw no soil satisfactory, though the whole of our route was considered a fine country, and as it was the most advantageous period---the very midst of an American Spring---we could not but conclude, the thin and sandy appearance of the surface was general, and of considerable depth. We observed not the virgin snowdrop, the enamelled crocus, the golden daffodil, the bashful violet, or perfumed cowslip, decorating the banks, nor the hawthorn hedge in bloom, interspersed with wild roses; these, our native smiles of Flora, I felt grateful to find, were the admired *exotics*, as are several of our feathered warblers, which are in great demand, as the sky-lark, thrush, wood lark, black bird, goldfinch, bullfinch and linnet.

So rude and ruinous is the appearance of the land, with its uncouth and rough fences, a melancholy waste of fine timber, that it gives the contradiction to the American apology---which is, that it is a young country, *dawning* into existence; for it more resembles an old country *yawning* out of existence, as exhibiting the wreck of time, or the expiring remains of a deluge, or some other revolutionary devastation of nature.

CHAP. IV.

The succeeding morning, after our return to New York, was ushered in by the ringing of bells, a discharge of ordnance, and other demonstrations of public joy, being the Anniversary of the Celebration of *Independence*.. The troops in the city and neighbourhood were assembled in phalanx fine, wearing on such occasions their best *bibs and tuckers*; orations were delivered at the respective churches, but not in language and tone proper inside such walls, nor consistent with the clerical character, which should inculcate the doctrine of our Divine Master---peace and good will to all mankind. One of these annual *memento's* I attended, in the church of the Rev. Mr. Macleod, and found the theme of this pulpiteer and burden of democratic song, was an unnecessary and malignant invective, in time of peace, against " the proud English," as he termed them, and concluded an half hour's altiloquent harangue, pitifully delivered, in a kind

of dialect which dishonoured both head, heart, and country. Spirit of Burns! I muttered to myself, rise and confront this confounder.---"Soon, my friends," said he, "an invincible navy, the pride, glory, and bulwark of our country, will remove the stain and dishonor confer'd on it by these haughty tyrants, which they, my friends, not having the fear of *visitation* before their eyes, have presumed to call and designate---*a Musquito Fleet!*" Thus, without cause or reason assigned, they are continually at work in opprobrious dirt—

"I do not like you, Doctor Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this I know quite full well,
I do not like you, Doctor Fell,"

The parade next demanded a visit; the commanding officer I found a *tailor* (General Mapes) and I perceived a great want of discipline and subordination---*a mere botch*, if I may use the gallant General's phrase. The *segar*, with the officers and in the ranks, seemed an inseparable companion in this "*cream coloured* collection of narrow-shouldered warriors."—Honor and education are component materials in the British Officer, and these qualities create a stimulus of unshaken fortitude and undaunted courage; the reason is obvious, as they are gentlemen of rank and family, generally speaking; a suspi-

scion only of their want of those requisites would close against them the door of even the society of their relatives. Again, the liberal patronage of the British Government raises and honors by a proud distinction, her gallant sons. NELSON and ABERCROMBIE, the immortal and legitimate chieftains of distinguished talent, were not the instruments of faction, or the favorites of a Court, but rose form subalterns in their professions, by virtue, genius, and irresistible gallentry---*Peace to their manes!*---and their names are recorded, not only in a peoples affectionate gratitude and remembrance, and a peerage in regular descent, supported by appropriate annuities and honors, to tell of Trafalgar, and the Plains of Alexandria; but the Monument, while the sacred Temples of Britain's Metropolis remain, will proclaim their deeds to wondering generations.---Blush, blush, Columbia, the great, the brave, and illustrious WASHINGTON, respected by all good men on earth, sleeps in the dust, without the common distinction of a grave!

The singularity of a *tailor* commanding five thousand men, I considered strange, because the old adage with us is, that for the manufacture of one man, *nine snippies* are requisite. Do not, ye Knights of the Thimble, feel offended with the freedom of my remark, but let my

taxing, like a wild goose, fly unclaimed of any *tailor*. Curiosity led me therefore to enquire if such was usual for officers to be mechanics, or other occupations, and found it was so;---Generals, Corporals, Colonels, Fifers, Majors, Drummers, Captains, Privates, Lieutenants, Sergeants, Ensigns, Pioneers and all, when divested of the pride and pomp of glorious war, retire *inglorious* to ignoble avocations, with their "blushing honors thick upon them," and recount their chivalrous deeds, "hair-breadth 'scapes," and all the gallantry of the deadly breach, in the saw-pit or the cobbler's stall. This is not a libellous rhapsody, bear witness, much injured maid *Bellona;* indeed all classes of the community follow some employ. An English country gentleman, I believe the happiest and most respectable man on earth, would be considered an useless character; honor is a virtue of little estimation there: yet as *equality* is the order of the day, its name is often profaned and prostituted:--shop-boys and petty officers will frequently demand satisfaction for imaginary injury. A nautical puppy, belonging to the *Washington*, requested from me an accommodation of this kind, and suggested *pistols;* now I thought, (and in my turn suggested) *pestles* as equally convenient; but in order to appease his urgent demand, and satisfy all in my power, I *practically* explained the newest system *(a la Crib)* in a victorious manner, and in far less time than perforating a fellow-creature's body with an eternal passport; and I seriously recommend the plan. My children were dearer to me than disguised *murder*, and

of more consequence than the chattering of an American monkey.—The remainder of this festive day, and only Jubilee in the 365, a few of us, all English, spent at the village of Hoboken, where fell the virtuous and lamented Hamilton in a duel with Colonel Burr.

> "Honor, thou blood-stain'd God,
> At whose red altar sit war and homicide."
>
> COLEMAN.

Plain English harmony, respectably performed by the vocal powers of the party, dishonored not our national anthems, nor the combined excellence of Messrs. Braham, Incledon, Sinclair, or that happy son of *Momus*, Grimaldi.

Having received the decided opinions of respectable characters in favor of Canada, in addition to the honor of recommendations brought from England, we prepared for our journey, after I had visited numberless farms for sale or rental, of at least sixty circular miles, which

I found barren and savage, wild and dearer, both as regarded rent and purchase, that the immediate neighbourhood of London, exclusive of the tax for crossing the rivers at the different ferries, for yourself, live and dead stock, which would not be less than twenty pounds per annum.

The females of New York, as in all America, are straight, thin and well proportioned, features regular, often very pretty, but void of animation, and in complexion fading lilies--no tint of the opening rose, or crimson blush of the *red cabbage;* the males are invariably slender, and extremely emaciated in appearance. Females are not taught common industry; it would degrade those gentry, of any rank, to assist in the hay and corn field—their utility and knowledge extends no farther than the manufacture of a pumpkin pye, or the outlines of a silly romance, or ridiculous novel. The continual use of ardent spirits from the cradle, on the part of the males, ruins the constitution, for at thirty, nature becomes torpid. All labour is done by the children of Africa, or the dusky offspring of St. Domingo—that is, the most servile employ

who are extremely numerous in some parts of the Union, and generally property.

Slavery, thou greatest curse of heaven! foul offspring of sanguinary and venal injustice, I write to tell thee how I hate thy beams!—Honor me, ye who read, ye sons of Albion, with a belief in the following statement--a single selection from hundreds of specimens, and but a few weeks old:—The Savannah, a large town in the southern States of the Union, is supposed to be inhabited by a population of 15,000, black and white, and promiscuously of all creeds and circumstances in life; the late dreadful fire, which unhappily took place, naturally produced sorrow, poverty, and all the embarrasments incident to such a calamity; a liberal subscription in behalf of the sufferers took place in New York, and remitted by the Mayor to the Mayor of Savannah, to be disbursed, without exception, according to the losses and wants of the sufferers, resting with the proper Committee for such laudable purpose. Would any man suppose, who presumes to arrogate to himself the title of humanity, that the contributed sum was insolently returned, because the poor blacks (equal partakers in the bitter cup of affliction), were to participate in the sympathy of benevolence!

Before I left New York, I found a new vocabulary requisite, for these *reformers* of Sheridan, Walker, Ash,

Johnson, and Bailye, had given a novel reading, not only to things, but re-baptized animals; for a *cock*, I found a *rooster*, a female of the *dog* species, a *slut*, and other ridiculous Republican innovations.—Thus they

"Nick-name God's creatures, and make their wantonness their ignorance."

CHAP. V.

We embarked on board a small sloop for Albany, a distance by water of two hundred miles, and in three days we pleasantly navigated the most beautiful part of the Hudson; its lofty banks or barriers, truly romantic, are studded on each side with several small Towns—Hudson, Poughkeepsie, Kingston, Newburgh, Catskill, &c. Albany is the seat of Government or Legislature, for the State of New York, situated upon an uneven ground, and possessing in its State-house and Academy a laughable attempt at grandeur. The *Capitol*, so named from the celebrated temple of Ancient Rome, is an un-finished proof of poverty—broken windows, broken steps without railing, serve as a shade in summer and shed in winter to pigs, cows, marbles, tops and school-boys. This city, so dignified, retains a kind of feudal or manorial right in the family of Ransaalaer, and a most excellent man now presides, who like a distinguished English Baronet,

(Sir Francis Burdett) can feel for misfortune, and commute for years' rent--the highest reward of heaven. The people are the same, and stores, law and physic support the majority. The weather now became intensely hot, almost to suffocation and we observed continual tempests daily, for six weeks; such rain, thunder and lightning, I had never witnessed in the West Indies.

As a specimen of *American justice*, from the conduct of an American jurist, the following is a brief sketch.—Sacred Goddess of Truth! let me not offend or violate thy hallowed name; thee I invoke to sanction by thy divine assent the following detail. I am a plain matter-of-fact fellow, unaccustomed to ambiguity; nor do I anticipate or fear contradiction—

"Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

I found it requisite, in order to convey my family to Canada, to purchase a horse, and a light or Jersey waggon; having made a contract for such waggon, price forty-five dollars, upon consideration of a trifling addition, at the time appointed for the completion—pay and receive, Mr. Gold, the vender, a coachmaker, made a demand before such completion should take place; I objected, and his insolence annihilated the agreement. In the

evening a *myrmidon*, a jack-in-office, honored me with his *lettre-de-cachet*, or warrant; its preamble began "*You are to apprehend*"---Unwilling to oppose rule, I immediately accompanied him to the rendezvous of enquiry--the hall of midnight robbery. The assembled group of "tag, rag, and bob-tail" in the office of a pettyfogging attorney, honored by the presidence of a drunken magistrate or "squire," properly of the name of Hempstead, would have presented a fine opportunity to Hogarth, Woodward, or Rowlandson. In the sanguinary days of the French Revolution, Robespiere and his associates--nor the plotting demons in the Grecian horse, could form for the painter's art so rich a subject, and Milton's sable angels would be no more remembered.---Such was this nocturnal Junto! The plaintiff, or rather prosecutor, Gold, told his tale in the posture of sitting before this *honorable menagerie of ruffians*, and when permitted to reply, custom, consistent with the rules of my country and good manners, induced me to rise; though in this instance such respect was prostituted, which was observed by an amateur in propriety, and flatteringly appreciated as a novelty, and as I felt the force and effect of a good cause, which could not, was not, confronted, the fire of indignation gave me language and eloquence to dictate to this arbitrator of the night even American laws, and such was corroborated by an ex-magistrate then present, Mr. Waring, who referring to the law-book, expressly read, that no contract was

complete until the property, with all its stipulated additions and alterations, was in the purchaser's possession; yet notwithstanding this decision, the sum of ten dollars was awarded to Gold, and one dollar seventy-five cents became the purloined booty of this scoundrel squire. Remonstrance was laughed at; and in the language of a once M. P. for Sussex, this consolation was added!---"It's a good country and let those who don't like it, leave it."---Could I, Promotheus-like, have stolen from Heaven the ignited flash, like him I would have animated this unjust composition of clay with something like integrity.

Leaving Albany, we proceeded by way of Schenectady, Cherry valley, Bridgewater, Utica, and Watertown, to Sacket's Harbour. The land we found generally very indifferent, even that they called cleared, in appearance like an English church-yard: stumps of trees from one to three feet high, resembling grave or head-stones, which incumbrance literally occupies half the land. We found the Log Hut thinly scattered by the road side; such edifices in general require no permission, but, like Robinson Crusoe, build where they like, and range where they please, with the darling rifle or fowling piece; but should time and industry make any improvements, the

lord of the soil removes these *squatters*, as they are called, or imposes an adequate rent.

Between Bridgewater and Utica we observed some excellent land, an old settlement, in possession of originally Dutch emigrants, but it is almost without exception, in every part of the States, covered with immense stones, which, in addition to stumps, led me to suppose the scissors or penknife were substitutes for the scythe and sickle, which circumstance, amongst other remarks, I hope, will, in the recapitulation, enable me to plainly point out to the emigrant agriculturist, future or present prospects, advantages and disadvantages.

In Utica, a kind of *Joe Miller* doggerel, the production of some inspired American bard, appeared over the door of a tobacconist; three grotesque figures served as a vehicle for this *sublime* composition, represented in the act of chewing, smoking, and taking snuff, and underneath the following attempt to rival a Byron or a Scott:

"We three are engaged in one cause;—
I snuffs, I smokes, and I chaws."

I remember to have seen in the neighbourhood of Stockport, Cheshire, a similar production over the door of a barber and wig-maker, illustrated by a well-executed corresponding painting, representing the flight of Absalom and his fatal suspension, thus lamented:

"If Absalom had wore a wig,
He would not thus have danc'd a jig."

Arrived at Sacket's Harbour, a naval and military depot, I felt a desire to visit the ships of war, and being about to pass the sentinel--"Are you an American?"--I answered in the negative.—"Then you cannot proceed." Proud to declare my country, I returned disappointed, but not dishonored. But, said I to myself, a time there was, and not seven years ago, I might like the gallant Sir R. Wilson, in answer to the French Advocate, have said, I am of that country that conquered America, by transposing France and America. Such a position as this, a statement of such a nature, may appear erroneous; but if the veracity of the American Prints themselves may be credited, and the divided opinions of her factions and party taken into consideration, her poverty and embarrasment, and defection of some of her commanders, such a change of politics appear feasible, a short time previ-

ous to the close of hostilities between her and Great Britain: simply two reasons (positive facts) need only be required—to sanction the argument from the pulpit at Boston, and the whole line of sea board on her eastern frontier, the people chiefly Federalists, were exhorted to oppose the ruinous system of their Government, and seperate from the Union. And the credit of her Government found it difficult to raise a million of dollars at the enormous interest of forty per cent.—Contradict me, if ye can, ye mercenary usurers of Wall-street, New York.

Finding, according to information, the American side, the lines or boundary of seperation between the United States, and Canada superior roads, we took our route for Canandagua, Lewistown, Queenstown, Niagara, &c; but American roads are at best like American manners--very unpleasant; their wooden bridges tottering beneath you, are extremely dangerous, often rudely formed of trees placed, or resting only upon their extreme ends, and frequently a vacancy of a foot between, which obliges your horse to plunge or leap, and you and carriage exposed to the favourable chance of axle-tree or neck breaking. Such public erections are aptly denominated, and clearly defined, gridiron bridges; yet although thus continually

exposed to the *exquisite* anticipation of a delightful *finish*, you pay toll.

Lewistown and Queenstown, during the late war, were the scenes of action between the hostile troops of England and America, and heroes sleep no more remembered; the gallant and generous Brock, and no less brave Pike, the American General, once contending, by sanguinary deeds and crimsoned glory, ambition's cause, and every foot of ground now lie lodged in peace, nor willow bound their graves, or weeping cypress to mark the bed of honor.

The Falls of Niagara are at once sublime and terrific--one of nature's majestic phenomena; a minute description requires the philosopher's pen, or the poetic description of a Milton or a Thomson.

"The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino, cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters!—rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters!—where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around in pitiless horrors set,"

"And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round
With its unempty'd cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making in all one emerald:—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent,
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent"

"To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea,
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of Rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings through the vale:—Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,"

"Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn

Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues, with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable mien. *

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* The above quotation from the Fourth Canto of CHILDE HAROLD (words of fire) are applicable; they are worthy the mighty genius of the greatest modern poet, and will outlive their noble author, and keep pace with time. Those lines, read by any person of a warm fancy in a fine Summers morning in view of Niagara, and while the Iris beams on his eye, would exclaim---"This indeed is the language of enraptured poetry!"

CHAP. VI.

We crossed Lake Ontario in a steam-boat, and found ourselves in York, the seat of Government for Upper Canada; it is somewhat ludicrous to call it so, but so it is, and an amiable character presides as Governor—Sir P. Maitland.

I know not exactly the nature of the accusation brought by Mr. Gourlay against its executive, before the British House of Commons; but I will hazard an opinion, Sir Peregrine Maitland is not directly included, in any complaint of a perversion of duty, or obliquely censured as guilty of a connivance at the defection of others. I cannot propose such humble responsibility for the virtue

of some of its members, because I am confident dishonourable and interested corruption has taken place. Sir Peregrine had, and has yet, much to contend with: the Senators, Representatives and Magistrates are nominally British subjects, but it would be a bold assertion to say, they possessed British bosoms, prone to cherish Britain's weal. I am of opinion, no, but like the *Vicar of Bray*, would change sides with indifference; several of them are Yankees from Connecticut and Vermont, in the magisterial department; and unfortunately their boyhood was in those days ere the existence of Charity Schools,—Mr. Gourlay's affairs was thus mildly communicated by Sir P.:—

"In the course of your investigation you will, I doubt not feel a just indignation at the attempt which has been made to excite discontent, and to organize sedition. Should it appear to you, that a Convention of Delegates cannot exist without danger to the Constitution, in framing a law of prevention, your dispassionate wisdom will be careful that it shall not unwarily trespass on that sacred right of the subject—to seek a redress of his grievances by petition."

The absence of Sir P. and the Hon Judge Powell, (an excellent character) from the seat of Government, detain-

ed us at York a short time, as I had the honor of letters to each; during which vacation I took staff in hand, or rather a fowling piece, and accompanied by an affectionate friend—he whom no sinecure or splendid patronage could corrupt—he whom the wintry wind or summer's torrid heat could not alienate his faithful sincere attachment, (lesson to mankind.)—Gratefully I record thy name, for ever absent, lost, ever-remembered ROLLA;—not the virtuous Peruvian, but of a race equally honest. Thus attended, and in appearance rather grotesque—an enormous *chapeau*, manufactured of a kind of silky grass, possessing the properties of elasticity, lightness and strength, bombazeen jacket and trowsers, yellow mockasons, no stockings and bare neck, I traversed the banks of Lake Erie, an inland sea, which evolves a mighty volume of pellucid expanse, and through bush, brake, bog and brier, visited the busy fast improving towns of Malden, Sandwich, Amherstberg, River Thames, &c. and the extreme boundary of Canada to the westward. The land I found excellent; rich loams, limes, and a frequent mixture of a sandy soil upon a rich clay; such variety exists in the neighbourhood of Doncaster and Tuxford (England,) and a deep black soil, like the prolific Lincolnshire fens, was often observable. Thus blessed with the best climate of that unbounded Continent, seemed only to require British industry to reap the abundant bounty of an Almighty Benefactor. Here, were it possible to cement in bonds of friendship three or four families, who like *Castor and*

Pollux, could suffer no change, and like the laws of the *Medes and Persians*, remain unalterable, in sickness or in health; to such I could pronounce and warrant complete success. Surrounded by plenty, in retired and social happiness, here taxation tortures not, nor legions of excisemen desolate the land;---

"But o'er their labour liberty and law impartial watch-"

Returned to York, the object of my mission being ratified, we prepared for our departure, agreeable to a prior engagement I had made, and descended Lake Ontario by the steam boat, Frontinac, to Kingston, the distance two hundred miles; and this beautiful charming Lake affords many views which might have delighted a *Claude*. We found Kingston a military station, like York, but more extensive and populous, being likewise a naval depot; and the fine ships St. Lawrence, and Psyche, now on the stocks, I hope are destined to transmit unsullied to posterity a NELSON'S fame—an EXMOUTH'S fortitude. In the neighbourhood farms were to sell or let, and I again repeat, decidedly for an English farmer, from hence to the western boundary is the most eligible situation; yet, and I speak doubtingly, I am apprehensive the wilderness is little understood in England. Let me observe, it is a bold undertaking to seek in its mazes an English Home. The Americans are excellent forest pioneers; with axe on shoulder, (and no men can use that instrument like them,) they face the labyrinth—not so John

Bull—He wants neighbours shaped something like himself; not the gaunt wolf, or rugged bear, whose domiciliary visits by night are dissipated by day, with the annoyance of armed musquitos, and the *fascinating concert* of countless choirs of crickets, grasshoppers, and bull-frogs.

During my stay here, the invitation of some countrymen, led me to suppose the sport of shooting I should find and enjoy; but the continual apprehension of disturbing the repose of some ugly inhabitant of the desert, or my legs coming in contact with the *twining affections* of snakes and serpents cooled the ardour of my propensity. From Kingston we descended the River St. Lawrence, by the steam-boat, as far as Prescot, a small military station, and the remainder of the distance, 140 miles, in an aquatic vehicle, called a Durham boat. The *rapids*, as they are called, are truly astonishing, and respecting these singular curiosities, various have been the conjectures, and many vague, and even superstitious opinions, assigned as the cause; the principal ones are Langsoult Cedars, Split Rock, and Cascades; the former of these is considered nine miles in length, yet such was the velocity of speed, that in twelve minutes fifteen seconds we completed the distance; the others are not so long, nor have they that rapidity of distracted stream, but more frightful than a gale of wind and the Bay of Biscay;—an endless, unceasing, unmitigating, violent

agitation, in short broken billows, foaming in milky rage, are the characteristics, and such appeared to my shallow comprehension could only be thus briefly accounted for: At some period, from some unknown cause, large fragments of broken rocks have become concentrated at the different places, in irregular positions, or a rocky bottom has become rugged, from some violent concussion of nature, probably an earthquake, as such are not affected by season or weather.

It is a compliment due to the Canadians employed in navigating the numerous boats and *batteaux* up and down this fine, this second river in the world, that no men on earth labour more; yet the ditty (in corrupt French) serves as a stimulus to exertion. We passed several small towns, both English and American, on either side of its banks, the land generally improving in cultivation. On entering lower Canada, the change is visible; the crucifix at every turn, or at the doors, the grinning wooden spectres of mutilated saints, from the Holy Virgin down to Madam Bridget, or the poor *devil-worried* St. Anthony.—Hail, hail, imposing Bigotry! art thou really a blessing or a curse to man? said I;—the idol answered an affirmative to the former, because, like Ignorance, my votaries are happy. On the right bank of the river we left our boat at an Indian settlement, called *Cochenouaga*, and crossed the river to

La Chine; and this we found the most dangerous part of our river excursion, for our ferryman was either a criminal or a stupid student of *Charon*, as a leaky boat placed us, in a very cold afternoon, ankle deep in water; at length we discovered two distinct holes in the boat's bottom, which cavities were filled with two distinct *thumbs*—still Monsieur Jean Baptiste gaily rowed away and sung in French, while I surly thumbed away and d—d in English. Arrived at length in this Canadian Mart, Montreal, supper and retirement closed the day.

Montreal is a large city, on a regular plan, in its original design, but very irregular, and in a disjointed manner jumbled together; streets extremely filthy, are dedicated to some saint, without exception, the principal one to St. Paul; but I believe that saint, in the course of his pedestrious mission through Greece, Tarsus or Jerusalem, never found a more poluted one. I had often heard that Montreal was an elegant place; it is no compliment, and far from flattery, to tell its inhabitants that it is the dirtiest place in all America, and unequalled both in public and private nuisances, and want of common convenience, at once obnoxious to health and decency. The Canadians, who form the majority of its community, are passionately fond of *garlic;* their houses are consequently impregnated with the sickly effluvia of that root, highly offensive to passengers in

their narrow streets. In Summer time, happily of short duration, the heat is intolerable; the thermometer, frequently at 105, is *coolly* and deliberately augmented by a custom which would be "more honored in the breach than in the observance; that is, their churches and roofs of houses are covered with tin, and their doors and shutters cased in sheet Iron; the glittering of the former, I suppose, is to *attract thieves* and the latter to *puzzle them*,—such being combined together, impart a kind of furnace-like atmosphere. The principal church is *Notre Dame*, or Catholic Church, and a very handsome building it is; but its interior demands a few observations, which I shall briefly make--such that would, a few months ago, (had I been in his power) have conferred on me all the *honors* and *blessings* of the *righteous* Inquisition--he the *gallant* Ferdinand, whose *embroidered* piety and the imperishable sanctity of an *Apotheosis*, and for crimes and ingratitude yields to the *ambitious* degradation of a man-milliner, and attempts to bribe the rage of ill-requited Heaven with—*a petticoat!*

CHAP. VII.

Such enlightened and distinguished characters as a Fingal, a Norfolk, a Petre, a Stourton, a Shrewsbury, an Arundel, a Throckmorton, and an amiable Gloucestershire worthy and benevolent Canning, are not slaves to dogmas and bigotry; such they consider truly what they are--powerful auxiliaries to politic rule in all countries: and of all creeds, the Catholic religion is almost invisible in the United States;-harmless, loyal, faithful, and brave, in Canada;—in Ireland, oppressed; in France, bedridden;—Portugal and Italy still retain their expiring vitality;—and in Spain probably, the recent transfer of politic power may induce men to think for themselves--not by *proxy*, on the most essential point and import; but as the Methodists ob-

serve, "*Faith*" is every thing. It is not my province to offend, and far, far indeed from a desire, but surely as a traveller, I may promulgate any trifle gleaned on my way. The interior of *Notre Dame* is truly elegant; but I am such a stupid, incorrigible rascal, that I prefer, in spite of tyrant custom, nature to art. I am not a connisseur of fashion, but rather an ungallant antiquary: one mistake appeared to me visible; either such was the excess of enthusiasm in others, or a proof of my want of modern taste, therefore to the score of ignorance on my part I will add this deficiency of judgement. The *Virgin*, according to the Bethlehem costume, eighteen hundred and twenty years ago, would agreeable to her rank as the betrothed wife of a *carpenter*, be habited in simple, unadorned attire—the pure emblem of chaste affection; not as portrayed, a giddy girl of fifteen, decorated with artificial flowers, white satin shoes, and all the appendages of English fashion, for the year 1820, thus resembles more a female opera dancer, than a serious and sedate Syrian matron. This Church, like its extensive Academy, gives bread to numberless priests; here too are some half dozen convents for blushing virgins, who have abjured the world, and the shocking men who reside in it. Some of these tender damsels, those particularly of the order of St. Ursula, I considered 70; but a life so recluse soon wears the marks of time. These inconsistent abodes of misanthropy and spotless virtue are externally considered the final close of *human passions;*

it may be so; but I have frequently indulged an uncharitable thought--that as several of the priests are well-looking young men, and some of these *immaculate nymphs* young and beautiful, (I do not mean by the bye, the antiquated dames of St. Ursula,) but the youthful victims at the shrine of St. Antoinette, or White Nuns; yea, verily, I have thought as these happy rogues have by spiritual legation, free access to these handmaids of *Vesta*, whether the unconquerable power of smiling irresistible *Cupid*, or the stern gravity of *Monastic* rule, has predominated.*

Having business, I left my family in Montreal, and by steam-boat, *Lady Sherbrooke*, descended the St.

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* I am unfortunately so imperfect a Theologist as to reject the power of granting mortal absolution, and am so grossly stupid as to suppose such rather increases than diminishes vice; because official perquisites and emancipation are reciprocal contracts. Expunge the one, the other will wither.

PROMPT PAYMENT.---A culprit made application in Montreal, for such white washing: the crime hay-stealing, and for such benediction the fee of half a dollar was demanded---a dollar being tendered, the absolver not having change, was told with the utmost "sang froid" to keep the whole, as he, the absolved, intended to possess himself of the remainder of the hay.

Lawrence to Quebec, by way of Berthier, Trois Riviere, or Three Rivers, St. Anne, St. Augustine, &c.—and found it the slovenly sister of Montreal, and, as usual, law, physic, and auctioneers furnish the catalogue of respectables. On the Plains of Abraham, in its immediate environs, you are shewn the stone (as they say) upon which expired the immortal WOLFE; they may "tell this to the marines, but the sailors wo'nt believe it." A melancholy gloom at this period prevailed at Quebec, and through Canada, from the following cause. Before quitting this capital, I visited the Cathedral, and paid a tributary respect of sad regret, and such willing homage was increased at the awful uncertainty of human life, while statue-like, I pondered o'er the grave of a recent illustrious tenant—that grave which contained the torpid remains of mortality, who but a few weeks before I had seen active and vigorous, and such physical elasticity I had so recently opposed in the tennis-court at Kingston, whose urbanity I can never forget—CHARLES Duke of RICHMOND—whose untimely death was a public loss and a public sorrow; he who, it seemed, was ordained by fate to undertake the Herculean task, and cleanse the "*Augean Stable.*"—I returned to Montreal, and now commenced an illness (dysentery and bilious affection,) which yet remains, though less malignant, a ruinous companion. The wholesome beverage of duty and industry I had fondly raised to drink deep, but the *Furies* dashed the chalice from my lip ere

I had tasted; and then I drank huge draughts of sorrow down, and banquetted on my tears;

> Ah what avails the largest gifts of Heaven,
> When drooping Health and Spirits go amiss,
> How tasteless then whatever can be given;
> Health is the vital principle of bliss.
>
> THOMSON.

as such affliction blighted the fair prospect, and consigned me a prey to medical impostors, heavy unavoidable expences, and an inhospitable people. I know not whether such was the effect of an impure atmosphere, or the more impure water of that part of the St. Lawrence; but I have reason to suspect the latter, if I may judge from its offensive margin, and polluted element, which receives all without purgation of tide, and such is the water in general use for every purpose.

A singular circumstance took place in Montreal November 9, 1819—an occurrence that completely exposed prophecy and superstition; but I must recur to priestcraft, as my story is embodied in its fallibility. The morning was unusually dark, and continued so until 3 o'clock P. M.—blue lightning in a north westerly direction of the horizon, illumin'd the dense region, in a rapid succession of flash and approach, and after a remarkable vivid stream of this awful element, (like a meteor,) it was succeeded by such thun-

der as lions tremble at. It has for years been a prevalent and accepted opinion in Montreal, amongst the Catholics, cherished and sanctioned by the priests—that the island is doomed to total destruction by some terrible visitation, and this they supposed the hour of retribution; from morning early the church was crowded with priests, nuns and laity—but, strange to tell, notwithstanding high mass, wax lights, and decorated saints, the electric fluid set their fane on fire, by igniting the tower containing the bells—the only injury done by the tempest; the rain, black as ink, fell in torrents, yet in the immediate environs of the church, many hundreds were kneeling, who could not gain admission, nor dared they have presumed to move, had all the plagues of Egypt assailed their deluded, devoted heads. The fire attracted the alarm of the inhabitants, and some seamen belonging to English ships, with other individuals, requested, from the *Commander of the Faithful*, and from a part of his flock, to assist in extinguishing the same; this reasonable request was forbidden on pain of excommunication. At length the seamen and others succeeded, and received as a kind of salvage, about ten dollars; but as a climax or ascendancy of enlightened bigotry, many individuals, who could afford flight, crossed the St. Lawrence to a supposed land of safety.

Severe winter now commenced her gloomy reign; fuel in great demand, and in price excessive; and as

my attendant disease became more confirmed and violent, to remove immediately was impossible, and in six weeks, from a fourteen-stone man; I became the *ghost* of an apology for such of nine stone. This kind of transition is one of the *superlative advantages* of emigration, which authors have delicately with-held from the public; but as I do not possess such reserve, I think it essential, and, in my humble opinion, of the highest importance and most material consequence, to tell a British people, especially those it may concern to know—there are, in every part of the American Continent, wholesale thinners of the land continually in existence, in the *retinue* of fevers, yellow, purple, scarlet, black, bilious and intermittent ague, dysentery, cholera morbus, &c. &c.—And now, O stern remembrance, soften thy rigorous detail of human sufferings in a land I blush to acknowledge its rulers, but I am confident, without the concurrence of the Parent Government: such is a part of that vile system that explains my meaning in my observation, relative to that power Sir P. Maitland has and yet combats, at Montreal. A spirited remonstrance, appeal, and painful exposition, was made by the grand Jury to the supreme power, that is, the Judges and Magistrates, relative to the prison and prisoners, which "out-herod's Herod;" and in the comparison the Parisian Bastile was the sanctuary of compassion!—Blessed Shade of Howard, descend from thy blissful mansion, and teach these deputed guardians of British

subjects thy creed of sympathy!--and tell them the hapless victims of guilt and sorrow have a claim, consistent with safety and justice, on the pitying alleviation of the children of humanity.

"Tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely."

But Montreal is not the place for misfortune to seek an asylum in; here are no pitying Institutions; oh yes, one that is a sunday School, and an attempt at another,—a * Bible Society, which is not so much in demand as the spirit of the book, and sum total of divine precept and sacred history, *Charity*. Heavenly Maid, this, this is thine.-- If a man supplicates bread, to cram a bible down his throat, it might be considered a pious swallow, but not so easy of digestion as its magnitude in the shape of *roast beef*.

To Colonel Burer and the officers of the 37th Regiment, and to Colonel M'Gregor and officers of the 70th, public gratitude is due; they as British Soldiers felt the misery of their hapless countrymen—exiles in an in-

* The Imperial "*Czar*" is a friend to *Bibles*, yet the magnanimous "*Russ*" would willingly Pocket Empires; Subjugate the World and Enslave Mankind.

That Garrilous old Woman at the head of the *Bourbon* Dynasty, invokes the God of *St. Louis*, to enable the French to cut the Spaniards *Throats*, and winks at the Massacre of *Protestants*, at *Nismes* in France,—such is Piety, such is Gratitude.

clement season, and knowing the vortex of fashion could be transformed into the stream of Charity, converted the drama into the magic illusion; thus, while the respective talents of these gallant Sons of Mars honored *Melpomene* and *Thalia*, they shed a lustre on humanity, while pity dropped a tear of gratitude in behalf of pale sorrow, and registered a blessing in Heaven. I am most anxious to recommend to these North-Westers—these Montreal dealers in pot-ash, musk rat, and bear-skins, *Benevolence*, and shame their frigid apathy, else I would attempt matter more essential. Recent emigrants were perishing or seeking, by broken hearts, premature graves! "Tell not these truths in *Gath*," or hide your diminished heads, ye who know these things. Would the Arab, the decry'd Algerine, or much-injured, libelled African suppose, that in January, 1820, a man (a Northumbrian) and his wife were on the bed of death, *unnoticed* but not *unknown*—on one side, the corpse of a child, and on the other side, a younger one, expiring, surrounded by meagre want, friendless and forlorn!---No no, not friendless; for thy mercy, Eternal Deity, accepted the sigh and ejaculation of fast fleeting misery;—thus they breathed their last, and fled for and found "another and a better world!"

In quitting Canada, I cannot but wonder why England retains so unprofitable an appendage in her dominions; the only answer that can be made will bear an

analogy with Montreal feelings--that is, *Timber.* One half is boundless snow, and the other half literally a wilderness: it is a colony maintained at an enormous expence. Two distinct branches of Government, a military and naval establishment, and no direct or indirect, system of taxation to make any return, except a small import duty; but I place enquiry on the shelf, like an unfashionable *Bill* in St Stephen's Chapel—*to be read this day six months.* In addition, on the bounty of Government, rely numerous Indian Tribes, of little value in peace or war—as few of them possess a *Tecumseh's* fire.—This brave, undaunted Indian, after the death of his friend and patron, Sir Isaac Brocke, found no kindred spirit with whom to act; but stung with grief and indignation, after upbraiding in angry, just and bitter sarcasms, the retreat of our forces, his great soul, unequal to the task of fortitude, impetuous he rushed on a corps of cavalry, whose leader he supposed the American General Harrison and like the gallant Shaw, of Waterloo celebrity, not until others fell by his arm, was he himself numbered with the dead.*

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* After the fall of poor Tecumseh, so terrible, while living was his courageous name to the American troops, that although he attacked them singly, and fell at last by the hands of Colonel Johnson, one general shout took place, and they actually, in narrow strips, as memorials, GALLANTLY took off his skin!

TO THE

Memory of Tecumseh.

Tecumseh has no grave, but eagles dipt
Their rav'ning beaks, and drank his stout heart's tide,
Leaving his bones to whiten where he died.
His skin by Christian tomahawks was stripp't
From the bare fibres. Impotence of pride!
Triumphant o'er the earth-worm, but in vain;
Deeming th' impassive spirit to deride,
Which nothing or immortal knows no pain.

Might ye torment him to this earth again
That were an agony; his children's blood
Delug'd his soul, and like a firey flood,
Scorch'd up his core of being; then the stain
Of flight was on him, and the wringing thought,
He should no more the crimson hatchet raise,
Nor drink from kindred lips his song of praise,
So liberty, he deem'd, with life, was cheaply bought.

CHAP. VIII.

After every known recipe and surgical *amusement* had tortured, ineffectually, my emaciated frame, a return to native air was pronounced by the illegitimate sons of *Messrs. Galen & Æsculapius*, my last resource, and I left Montreal, not as the contemplating sage would the Ruins of Palmira, or a Grecian Temple, with regret; nor had I the parting curiosity of *Mrs. Lot.*-In a *Sleigh* we crossed the river St. Lawrence, which was a carriage without wheels, open sides, ornamented with a kind of curtain, drawn by four excellent horses: and we reached the town of La Prairie, the distance of nine miles, in one hour and twenty minutes, through stupendous mountains of ice, and chasms of wintry desolation. This mode of travelling was novel, and rather unpleasant at this period; for flesh and bones had dissolved partnership,

and I found myself rather too *transparent*, to encounter the chance of limb dislocation; but wrapt in the skin of a buffalo, and a seal-skin cap, I preferred the pure air, although cold and piercing, to the stewing exalation of stoves within doors. On the following morning, after leaving St. John's, we crossed Lake Champlain, and our driver exclaimed, "*There they are.*" "What?" said I "Why the British ships;" and the scene of action pointed out where England's navy suffered shameful defeat; the captive fleet were sad trophies of the fight. My friend *Jehu's* remarks were true, but rather gallingly unpleasant: this was the third exhibition of the kind, I had seen the vanquished Flotilla of Lake Erie, and the crest-fallen *Guerrier*. Neither Nelson nor Cochrane was there—a perspective of Westminster Abby, or that monitor, "England expects every man to do his duty."

We proceeded rapidly on by way of Swanton, Burlington, Vergennes, Cambridge, Salem, Lansingburgh, and Troy, to Albany. Burlington and Salem are pretty towns, formed of wood, elegantly painted, resembling bandboxes. Returning to our old quarters in Albany, a good fire and a welcome look from mine host and his clean good-tempered spouse, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, State-street, re-animated our frozen frames; and as a skilful M. D. was recommended, and pronounced infallible, prudence and hope prompted a halt for a few days.

This being the season of Legislation for the state of New York, our boarding-house was honored by the M. P. presence of about ten of these dignified Representatives; and I flattered myself in proud conceit I should have found Socrates, Cicero, Demosthenes, and a few more such luminaries, and concluded that taciturnity, I had so much condemned in others, was my only retreat, where I could listen and learn. The Hon. Speaker, Mr. Spencer, one of our guests, I found a pleasant, well-informed gentleman, animated in conversation, shrewd in remark, generally correct, and candid in opinion; but I found not a second among his fellow labourers in the vineyard of public good. Nationalities will creep into chat, and when such conclude amicably, they serve to sweeten, enliven, and improve. The British and American navy became a topic, and a wise logician, in the shape of a farmer, (an M. P.) observed, after an immense length of *fustian* had been measured and bestowed on Perry, Decatur, Bainbridge, Macomb, Hull, M'Donagh, Jones, and Lawrence, "the English for years past, had been only accustomed to French and Spanish contests, until the late American war, which had proved the superior tactics and phisical powers of the Americans."

"It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury."

Unwilling my friend *Chopstick* should carry his point

by boarding, I opposed him from the main-chains of truth, and luckily silenced by a broad side the cannonades of his volubility.--" If, Sir, you will refer your memory so far back as the painful recollection of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake*, you will find that the only instance where personal and individual strength was brought into action; the result of that memorable day all the world knows;—the brave Lawrence flattered much, and promised more--even the company of *captive* Broke, to dine with the Bostonians; but alas! the triumphal baked meats did but coldly furnish forth the funeral table! The fate of the English ships *Macedonia*, *Guerrier*, *Java*, *Frolic*, *&c.* was the chance of the contest as regarded wind, position, weight of metal, and number of men; and, Sir, you will recollect, an American frigate, rated at 36 guns, is equal in every appointment to an English 50-gun ship."—These law-makers are pleasantly situated during the sessions, which generally continues four months, enjoying a salary of seven dollars per day, for *yea* and *nay*, assent or dissent; but as there was *no vacancy*, I did not ask for *a place*. I thought this payment for Representation rather novel, and though quite agreeable to the Representatives, seems a burthen to the people, but public virtue is a hollow name; few, indeed, possess its patriot dignity and courage in any country.

The invitation of a gentleman of the American *Bar*,

not a *Bar*-rister, but a very respectable worthy publican induced me to accompany him in his *Sleigh*, drawn by two beautiful blood horses, to Boston, and we skimmed along famously over the blanched surface; indeed I admire this method of travelling.—Boston is a town more ancient in its appearance than any in America, and its inhabitants are a very civil people. On my return to Albany, we proceeded, wife, children, and baggage, to New York. My old acquaintance and English townsman, Mr. J. a celebrated glass manufacturer, strongly urged me to accompany him to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, and Washington, adding, no *expence* should be incurred to me, as "How d'ye do?" would occur so frequently on our way, that such an unpleasant companion to slender finances would not attend us.—Philadelphia is rather more than handsome, for it is an elegant city; streets much cleaner than New York, run parallel, and as its inhabitants are a far more moral people, *knavery* seems less in demand.—Baltimore was in the days of Colonial Regime the focus of fashion, and it is now, as is supposed the most wealthy. Democracy reigns here in all its glory; but their haven has become the rendezvous of pirates, according to the observations in Congress.—Charleston is the abode of planters and dealers in cotton, rice, human sorrow and tobacco; here the pestilence often reigns, and suddenly calls to an eternal account the tyrant, monopolizer, and frees from the despotic ruler, many a burthened slave.

Washington is the seat of Government; this city was not created by a natural course of events, but by a political speculation. The unfinished plan supposes an immense growth, but its situation prohibits that supposition ever being realized. Perhaps if the true interest of the Union was considered, it would rather be held sacred to Science, Philosophy, the Arts, and Legislation, and kept holy from commercial avarice, to which the members of different States may repair to breathe an atmosphere untainted by local prejudices, and find golden leisure for pursuits and speculations of public utility. The country around Washington is proverbially barren.—The following anecdote I beg leave to call in, from which I may deduce proof. My friend had about eighteen months before sent a package of glass to his Washington customer, and followed in person; on opening this package at the door of the tradesman in the street, a herd of hungry cows, seeing and espying a rich banquet of straw, came full gallop, and without leave or grace, began the *glorious gorge;* opposition was questionable while thus they stood in apprehension pale, and in council deep; fear suggested fight, on this united supposition—Will not those voracious devils eat us?—After this awful catastrophe, my friend and the tradesman were lamenting in doleful narrative the disaster and loss; for the unmannered brutes had, in their hasty repast, *swallowed* an elegant decanter! This complaint being made at the tavern of a Frenchman, he thus consoled their grief;—"Vat de devel, you grumbel bout you von decantaire!

Vat de devel you tink?—My vife vash a de mine nine ruffel shirt, and hang a dem at de door to dry upon de line;—vel, vat you suppos? von cot tam cow *eat a dem all up!*—Tam you, von decantaire!—Vat you tink now?"

Returned to New York, we began to think of Europe, having wandered sufficiently east, west, north and south; to obtain every information relative to this New World. Indeed, from the many disappointed and ruined returned emigrants I had seen from the Western States of Ohio, Illinois, Tennesse, Indiana, and Missouri, I felt no desire to proceed further; and as such states have been the attractive point of emigration, I will faithfully expose the wicked fallacy of Mr. Birkbeck, of whom I have already complained respecting such States.

A circumstance took place at this period in New York, March, 1820, which occupied public opinion in a very extensive, though not decided manner. A Mr. Stoughton, son of the Spanish Consul at New York, and a Mr. Goodwin, a Yankee citizen, had previously differed in opinion on some trifling occasion, and happening to meet in Broadway, the latter attempted to impose a kind of chastisement, by the application of his cane on the shoulders of the former, which being prevented by the latter catching hold of the same, the former holding fast drew from this tube a sword or blade, and by

an *allonge*, instantly dispatched poor Stoughton, the devoted victim of his sanguinary disposition. This melancholy event occurring in the most public street, and mid-day, was observed by numerous passers by, whose testimony and corroborating evidence authorized the Coroner's Inquest, without hesitation or doubt, to return a verdict of *Wilful Murder* against Goodwin, perfectly satisfactory to the public at large;

"But gold from law, it takes out the sting."

For would it be supposed a Grand Jury, under such circumstances—that is, if they had things called consciences—could reject such irrefragable evidence, and call it *Manslaughter?* and finally smuggle and compromise the business over a segar and a boose of gin toddy, at Judge Spencer's lodgings!—Thy potent charm, mighty Mexican *Ore*, has wonderful influence over American integrity.

CHAP. IX.

"Eye Nature's walks---shoot folly as it flies."

WAITING for a ship, I had leisure to transfer from the daily ledger of *memory to paper*, any circumstance of moment, or singular for its eccentricity.—Travellers often apologize for not seeing this or that, as it was inconvenient, and they postponed it until an opportunity "not to be found in the hoary register of Time."

America, unlike Europe and Asia, affords but little to gratify the philosopher, or the man of taste; but the humorist, or military character, may find a wide and ample field to indulge whim or professional remarks; and I am inclined to think, the dangers of an Atlantic trip would be amply remunerated to such by attending the muster of a volunteer corps: for myself I declare, that in the whole course of my existence, I never enjoyed the *chuckle* so much as upon these occasions, and no occurrence in the whole range of human life, public or private events, can furnish matter for the Comic muse in so ample and luxurious a degree as one of these motley exhibitions.

I know not exactly the troops the *gallant Falstaff* refused to march through Coventry with, or his cogent reasons for feeling a kind of *shyness* his honorable command imposed on him; but if Mr. President would *dub* me *Generalissimo*, I should certainly decline, upon my friend *Falstaff's* principle—"if my troops are not ashamed of *me*, I am of *them*."—Œconomy leads them to the parade, habited in their ordinary clothing, and no military appendage except with those called officers, distinguished by a tremendous cocked hat, a gallant streamer, a yard long, in the shape of a red feather, red sheep skin sword belt, a dirty shirt, obtruding on public notice through the apertures of coats and pantaloons, rendered porous and tender by the hand of time, boots or shoes, (strangers to the *black* art, or lustre of those *shining* characters, Day, Martin, Warren, Turner, and Healy) and the frequent orifices in their impaired *understandings*, seemed to require the cobbler's skill, to guarantee those useful ornaments called *toes*.—On one occasion, in an idle mood, I dissipated two hours in witnessing the evolutions of these champions of Revolution, and it was a treat that neither Butler or Colman ever dreamed of; nor can the variety of incident, both in town and country, that befell *Dr. Syntax*, find its parallel.

The Commanding Officer, a *Major*, (not the invincible *Sturgeon*) put them through their tactics. He wore on that occasion a remarkable long face, and like the whole collectively, it seemed sometime since it came in

contact with soap, towel, and water. I enquired his name and profession, (civil) and a singular coincidence presented itself in the reply; for know, O Reader! he was a *manufacturer of tripe!*—After an expiration of about one hour *only* beyond the appointed time for assembling a corps of five hundred, the collection ran thus:—1 Major—1 Captain—Lieutenants, (none)—Ensigns, 1—Sergeants, 1—Corporals, 2—Bugles, (none) *reported drunk*—Rank and File, 26.—*Major Tripe*—"Come, Gentlemen, put down your *humberellers*, and let's begin; we won't stop long, I guess—*Tenshun*—shoulder *fullock*—fix *bagganut*.—["*That's wrong, Major,*" was sung from the *formidable* line.]—"Wrong! wrong! de d——d if it is;—Steuben has it so in his printed *menuvers;* let's see"—*(Hauls out the book.)*—"I am wrong, or Steubens not *reet;* well, come, now then, put down your *fullucks*, and fix *bagganuts*—now, Gentlemen, make ready—*puzzent.*"—(Again interrupted from the ranks, "*We are not prime or loaded, Major.*") "That's true, but I calculated you was;--well, now then, suppose you load, like by motion;—make ready and ground *fullucks;* now, Gentlemen, let's have a glass a piece."--A shower of rain, and the complimentary astonishment of the *gallant* commander on the improvement of the *corps*, closed the *arduous* service of this memorable day.--But if *Achilles* honored not by his patronage these *heroes*, stern *Ferocity* had no share in the good-humoured assemblage, who are *there* the only soldiery to whom the people's demands or wrongs are intrusted, not to such sanguinary demons as Colonel KING.

An enquiry of marked atrocity occupied a portion of the labours of Congress this Session, relative to this modern *Pizarro*, who, while commanding a body of troops opposite the Spanish frontier, was accused of unauthorized murder; because, without the shadow or form of a Court Martial, (shooting deserters) the investigation clearly proved the charge, and such was severely censured without the walls of this *Sanctum Sanctorum* of national justice, and a paucity of members within; but a majority, equally as ferocious as the savage delinquent, ousted the business, by *humanely* observing—

> "If we give KING his due,
> We must HANG KING Jackson too."

Come forth, then, *King*, or General Jackson, renowned *Hannibal* of the New World, as I mean to deliver a *lecture* on your head and heart; aye, and shame them too, if vicious habits have not made them callous-proof and bulwark against truth. This modern *Nero*, it is said, when yet an infant in the cradle, discovered transcendant talent in the science of *butchery*, (sweet innocent babe!) by exterminating within his pretty and gentle grasp all the *flies* and *spiders*;—boyhood advancing, he cried "*havoc!*" and waged war and desolation against all dogs, cats, pigs, and poultry. We next find him, by the power of intrigue, a *Judge* of the Supreme Court; and it is a compliment due to him, that in his official or private capacity and character, calumny itself had never

dared even to suspect him of committing an act of—*mercy*, unless the following circumstance (positive fact) may be admitted as an exception to his general rule and principles.—

A son of sorrow, a wretched *Hibernian*, the unhappy victim of want and petty crime, was arraigned before this *Bajazet*, and so terrified was he with the marked severity of countenance, that poor *Pat* felt, or fancied he felt a sort of *sensation* in contact with the *jugular vein*—a something like the last *quietus* of the law, designated by those of *hempen* imaginations—*a rope!* and instinctively, without leave or ceremony, coolly and deliberately left *durance vile*, and had actually made his exit secure as far as the outward door. How behaved the *mild and revered Judge* on this occasion?—Did he retain the seat of justice and compassion, and to the proper officers depute the criminal's re-apprehension?—No, no, his pitying soul felt a nobler impulse than tamper and parley with a fellow creature's phrensied agitation; it was, indeed, an influence far beyond the comprehension and presence of mind of any mortal dispensers of Heaven's sacred attributes—justice and mercy. Chief-Justice *Minos* possibly might have thought on a similar expedient; for impetuous through a crowded court rushed this *brilliant meteor* of pity, and shot the ill-fated man dead!—Finding, by this trifling event, the real bent and *forte* of his genius, and scorning the retail trade, he *doffed* the gown, seized the carving knife and truncheon,

and commenced wholesale dealer, which, subsequent to the Pensecola Tragedy, (the murder of British subjects, Arbuthnot and Arbrister)* he accomplished by carrying on an extensive business with the devoted Seminole Indians. This is not a mystic hyperbole, but an authentic document, from known truth and their own publications; for which *benign traits* in his moral composition, earnestly, I recommend him to the Editor of the Newgate Calendar, as a distinguished and brilliant acquisition to the page of *virtuous* history.

As this spurious son of *Mars* (as a brave man cannot be an assassin), was handed about and exhibited from place to place by his patron, Mr. Munroe, the President, in the summer of 1819, I had an opportunity and the satisfaction to view him, and in silent indignation contemplated the magnitude of his atrocities. Phisiognomists, poets, and painters have defined the human face as the index of the mind, where, as in a book, you may read the character of the wearer. Being rather near-sighted, I borrowed the optics of *Lavater*, and askew I

*The New York Gazette briefly decried that sanguinary and atrocious deed---such a deed that blurs the grace and blush of honor; one that would tear polluted Fame from the laurelled brow of all the heroes that ever existed.

"Our honor and faith as a nation are of more consequence to us than a thousand ruffians like General Jackson.

scanned with the nicety and precision of an admirer of *Reubens, Raphael, or Correggio*, or while gazing on the statue of a *Cyclops*, or a *Venus de Medicis*—the object of my curiosity; but I discovered not the beams of intellectual light, or the majestic dignity and illumined movements of a noble mind, which invariably animates the God-like countenance of virtue and talent—but the scowling lineaments of *Cain;* such a face was Homer's *Pyrrhus*, when by the awful blaze of Troy he sought and found the venerable *Priam.**

But come, like a fair sportsman, either within the purlieus of a cock-pit, or a distinguished levee at *Tattersall's*—I will give and take; because it shall not be said, that in imitation of the *heroes* so lately mentioned I attacked cowardly, or in an unwarranted manner, without cause or reason assigned, even as an act of retaliation.—When at Philadelphia, a morning's *lounge* in one of those repertories of literature—a bookseller's, a work fell in my way,—an American Edition of *Baines's History of the French Revolutionary Wars, and an abridged Sketch of the principal Events of the late American War with England;*—and after a torrent of

*An old ADAGE says give old NICK his due, (General Andrew Jackson) with 5000 Raw Militia, did foil defeat and annihilate 10000 "Veteran" Troops before "NEW ORLEANS" a specimen of GENERALSHIP not to be paralleled in modern times,—as NEW ORLEANS was not a Garrison'd Place.

abuse profusely bestowed on that individual, proceeds with unrestrained calumny, false and opprobrious as it is ridiculous. Two *liberal and enlightened* paragraphs I select, in substance literally *verbatim*, The gallant Admiral Cockburn is thus spoken of:—"Friends, sycophants and courtiers at Carlton-House and the Admiralty made him a commander, but nature made him a *Robber*."—Another, equally pregnant with inconsistence, breathes its ridiculous anger in the following sapient strain:—"It is clearly understood, that the *scalp* of the American General, Pike, now adorns the Speaker's Chair in the House of Assembly for Upper Canada."—These abstracted allusions, such *generous* hints, *correct* and *noble*, it is but a common debt of gratitude to repay, as far as we can, the flattering and infinite obligation.

Jonathan, affectionate brother Jonathan, I will, I will—have patience with me, and I will pay thee all!

CHAP X.

It is no pleasing task to reflect on human misery, but a more painful one to descant upon its cause and effect. The poor Indians, the *aborigines* of this vast Continent, are now comparatively few;--cajoled, swindled and robbed of that Territory kind Providence gave them as an inheritance, are scattered wanderers, and they will find no rest but the Banks of the Pacific, or as yet unknown wilderness; for if the Christian despoilers cannot betray and juggle their ignorance and innocence by *toys*, or prematurely dispatch them by the deleterious poison of unwholesome ardent spirits—insult and injury provoke *revenge;* that object being promoted and attained, sanctions the *bayonet*. The habits of these singular people are yet original; and if European science and polish have not found their way into the desert—*chicanery* is a stranger too. Some of the tribes have formed settlements, and their occupation is chiefly hunting and shooting in their seasons, various birds, for the table; and for their skins, the bear, beaver, wolf, fox, musk rat, and great variety of beautiful squirrels; and

in the winter, deer, which are the profitable productions of their certain deadly rifles, and a compensation for their labour and privations,--as they generally reside near a river, fishing, and gathering a kind of useful beautiful grass, which takes up a summer's portion of their time. Their canoes, though not honored by the architecture of *Archimedes*, but self-taught genius, exhibit a positive proof they have capacity; these canoes, or small narrow boats, require not calking, as the bark of the birch-tree forms an impenetrable exterior. Like all human beings in a state of natural exile, they are fond of finery and when they appear in the towns, are tricked out like gingerbread kings and queens: the females seem industrious and affectionate, and what is more, are passive and obedient to their husbands, although the marriage league was not consummated at the shrine of refined religious form, for such contracts with them are celebrated in the forest, founded on the real basis of reciprocal attachment, not sold or fashionably exchanged for so much money--yet they require no Ecclesiastical Court to decide mutual bickerings, or finally by a proceeding of *Crim, Con.* fatten the heroes of the long robe.—The female dress is a strange ludicrous contrast; they wear a kind of pantaloon, no cap or bonnet, remarkably long and thick black hair, profusely adorned with glass beads, feathers, &c. *mockasons*, which are a kind of half boots, of yellow sheep, or deer skin, often elegantly ornamented with spangles; and the mothers carry their sucking infants at their backs in a kind of box, or cradle,

decked out often with French lace worth ten guineas. The manufacture of baskets, hats, brooms, &c. &c. of the grass mentioned, employs the industry of the females. Religion among them has its votaries; the Catholics have in lower Canada found *recruits*, and different Missionaries are beating up for *volunteers* to serve in the army commanded by John Wesley, George Whitfield, Martin Luther, and John Calvin; but I have unluckily seen too much on this subject, that my former friendly opinion has suffered change, and now remains stationary, nor could it retrograde, though attacked by a second appeal of *Stentorian* powers, far exceeding those of Parson Huntington, *(alias* a Sinner Saved) of *coal-heaving* fame. Such powers alluded to, in the month of June, 1816, I heard within the walls of a celebrated meeting-house in the city of York, England. The preacher convinced those hearers who could discriminate, that he had never seen Oxford or Cambridge, or soared beyond some *classic village* in the West Riding: for his diction was laughably barbarous. Referring to St. Paul, I remember *geeler* was a substitute for *gailer*, and *cheens* for *chains;* but, however, he was a clever man, because he flattered the *Elect*, and obtained his point.* My ob-

* My Reverend Friend, by a kind of indication of future reward, produced a wonderful sympathetic affection between Godliness and Mammon, by coming thus plainly to the point;—"My lads and lasses I have rare news to tell ye—the Lord has opened a BANK, and ye MUN POSIT BRASS here."

jections I found upon this principle!—the missionaries deputed from those sects are men of no education, and possess little more than the hackneyed round of *parrot* information; not like a *Burder*, have fire of their own, to make darkness light, and to inspire their hearers by the powerful eloquence of sound doctrine, with a gratitude and reverence for Omnipotence;—and again, mercenary motives are too prevalent with those *forest-finger-posts to eternal happiness;* their functions gain them admittance, and then their oracles, gloomy predictions, and favorite theme, *everlasting woe*, yields eatables, drinkables, wearables, and pocketables; this is not a tale of falsehood, told of the other side the Atlantic; poor Indians have thus been imposed on, and thus it is these *divine tinkers* generally return loaded with precious doubloons, eagles, half eagles, and dollars. A sottish creature of this description returned with us, and he had as much gold and silver that would nearly have filled his hat;—tipsy every day, blessed with an uncommon share of ignorance, cabin passengers, him and his wife, a lady fond too of the brandy bottle, an abundance of liquors--the gratitude of *believers;* all this at the expence of enthusiasm—*quite pleasant;* and as this righteous man returned from the Bermudas without divine permission from the Hatton Garden Committee, he expected a reprimand; but he consoled himself with a sanctified *shrug*, by observing, "Thank God, he could now do without preaching;" but to conclude these observations, it is simply my opinion, (but I do not wish to

disseminate such as a public doctrine—far from it,) but if Divine Wisdom required the whole human family to become enlightened, and bring them back to Him, he would not need such agency;—but I have my doubts whether the homage of these "heathens," as they are called, is not equally sincere, and equally acceptable at the throne of mercy—

"Lo the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind."*

The Indians, that is the wandering tribes, are accused of pilfering! but any calumny is heaped upon them. To sum up their character in a few words, they are faithful, brave, and courageous, affectionate friends, and open enemies.

The children of bondage, the dusky sons of Africa, are compared with these rangers of the wilderness—the very extreme of human degradation. I have little to offer you, my sable brethren, but sad reflection, and

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*Persuasion (if such is necessary) can only be accomplished by kind and tender offices of humanity, not by the red hot Bigotry, and zeal of CREED and its usual ANATHEMAS; such to the honor of FRIENDS or QUAKERS is their wise and benevolent practise;—indeed the INDIAN opinion relative to the Deity or great Spirit, is so exalted that it admits of no sublime addition,—and speaking of CHRISTIANITY the (Savage) "as he is called" throws red INK on the TITLE, "do you Christians Practice what you Preach?" (when you do) we will profit by your Example.

my whole stock of sympathy;—if, like an angel, trumpet-tongued, I could, I would sound an alarm in the souls of your tyrants, and the steeled hearts of your task masters. No more, your averted eye, glistening with tears of bloody torture, wrung from your heart's core by the lash and scourge of barbarous rulers—should shun, should hate *Christian* white man! Hear me, ye ill-fated creatures of American bought and sold traffic,—weep not; rather, in the convulsive agony of your deep-rooted sorrows, laugh in your chains, that the stripes and indignant afflictions you endure, curses the land with ugliness; bear up but a little while, and your Great Father beyond the moon will take you to your happy, immortal race! —The Americans will tell you, the African *niggers* have no talent or capacity;*—the French amiable philosopher, *Montesquieu*, ably rebuts the charge.—Fie, fie, such are lame apologies for barbarity.

"Have we not hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die?"—SHAKESPEARE.

I am no enemy to the luxuries of those zones where the labour of Africans are required, therefore my morality will be less liable to animadversion; all this could be

* The Haytian State Papers breathe more exalted sentiments than are to be found in the official documents emanating from any Cabinet in Modern Europe.

obtained by kind treatment, periods of servitude, and freedom.—It was, and is, generally understood in Europe, that the American Government had determined gradually to abolish slavery, agreeable to the wishes of all good men; now let us mark the falacy of such promise to mankind. The business or question the most interesting in the Session of Congress (1820) was relative to the State of Missouri being admitted into the Union free and unshackled, or loaded with the stigma and indelible stain of slavery? I have read of a Mote and a Beam, and am sorry slavery is not confined to the United States alone. Argument in favour of national faith, advocated by a feeling and noble minority, kicked the beam; while a great majority, in triumphant exultation, laughed at the Reformers, as they termed them;--and strange to tell, a great part of such majority were members from the Free States, enjoying the full blessings of liberty.--*Quære* does such decision bespeak despotism or republicanism, as the first article of their boasted Charter of Independence runs thus:—"*God created all men free.*"

I am aware my remarks on Slavery will expose me to the censure of its advocates, as such forms part of the political fabric of America; if so unlucky, my answer is briefly this;--I have a right, and a *holy one*, to develope a *thrice-told-tale*—a blot on the name of man, nor would I willingly retract a single *iota;* and I am confident, the good part of the American people—the steady and moral Pensylvanians, the well-disposed of the Eastern and Middle States, will honor me with their full concession of opinion.

But to America belongs a *gem* richer far than any in the diadem of any monarch upon earth, and while such is a splendid exhibition of humanity, demands the admiration of all mankind. Vice is a rank weed of every soil —a kind of innate scourge since those days of bliss when angels dwelt, and God himself with man.—The punishment of death, in the American Penal Code, is seldom resorted to as a sanguinary visitation;—*murder*, *piracy*, *arson*, *mail robbery*, and some part of that act called 'Lord Ellenborough's' are considered henious crimes and the perpetrators sometimes suffer an ignominious death.

If memory be correct, I think that lamented excellent character, poor Sir Samuel Romilly, ever prone to lighten the burthen of human woe, attempted a repeal of many of our stern statutes, and stated upwards of *one hundred and eighty* crimes on which the sentence of death on human depravity takes place. It is not a nominal *twenty shilling scrap of paper;* of no intrinsic value--at best but a promissory obligation to meet public confidence--that consigns to eternity our American fellow-creatures, and in many cases as really implies *forgery*, extremely doubtful;—strange this in a land first in the list of nations, and boasted innumerable institutions! The contemplative Englishman would ask the question "Why has our mitred and ermine-robed Legislators suffered the last, the youngest people, to pluck from the brow and front of majesty itself a nobler prize than Agincourt, Cressy, Blenheim, Trafalgar, or Waterloo could bestow—that is, to transform *vice* into *virtue*!" The cold moralist in

reply, will say, such laws are essential, are indispensible. His answer would be equally correct to say, our people are worse.* But his feelings I envy not, and on the practice of Columbia's milder laws, despise them. Vice in many cases in America, is really converted into public good, and in all cases reformed, by the following excellent system of prison discipline;—The various periods of imprisonment (as none are exiled) are rendered useful to the offender, and a kind of atonement to an injured public. Every male prisoner, if ignorant of all, is bound to learn some trade or occupation; the females, knitting, sewing and spinning; their state prisons thus exhibiting the most common and useful trades, resemble more a thriving community, than an assemblage of delinquents; cleanliness is enforced with *Mussulman* rigour and custom; order and decorum is rigidly attended to, and a total prohibition of indolence, profaneness and irregularity; and the mild and friendly admonitions of sympathizing clergymen, and serious religious and benevolent visitors, render a willing obedience to such regimen manifest by these gentle means of tenderness and compassion, as *coercion* is never resorted to;—the GREAT EDIFICE is reared and consecrated to the whole celestial HIERAR-

* The Americans often make use of a sareasm, which I am afraid, contains too much severe truth:—"Great Britain gave us a shabby population to begin with, and she yet continues her rascally donation."

CHY.—Each prisoner is charged nine pence per day for provisions, which are of the best quality, and a regular account is kept between him and the Governor of the Prison, as debtor and creditor—the Governor receiving all for work done by each respective prisoner, and any surplus in the prisoner's favour, is from time to time accounted for, until the final expiration of his sentence, when not unfrequently he receives one hundred dollars at the period of his emancipation, and master of a good trade;—thus led from the path of vice, he assumes respectable citizenship, and is seldom known to return.—Again, if a prisoner's conduct appear repentant and exemplary, a simple memorial or intercession is made to the authorized power, and liberation immediately granted—long before the expiration of the sentenced period. The public finances, by so excellent a plan of genuine philantrophy, are not embarrassed with expences; but vice reclaims itself, at the expence of industry; and such mercy, like the dew of Heaven, becomes doubly blessed, *He that gives and he that receives.*

APPENDIX.

Religion, Law and Politics and their minor ramifications form the Constitutions of all Countries, to animadvert seperately on their purity or corruption, advantages or disadvantages, good or evil, would be an endless task, habit does much, and mankind are generally prone to reconcile themselves to its influence.

The *Chinese* considers he is right and on the score of his antiquity, and customs, subscribes to his absolute government, pursues with avidity industry, worships his *Gods*, content with this system, thus he passes life's probation.

The drowsy *Turk* charm'd with the voluptuous indulgencies of *Mr. Mahomet*, sherbet, women, and opium, feels no disposition to alter his code, indeed it would be impossible to introduce a more fascinating excitement to some moral virtues, he certainly possesses in spite of calumny, and the general opinions of the world, freely bestowed upon him than the Koran imposes and guarantees "*Sleep on, sleep on, smoke in peace, Paradise will be your's.*"

The more refined *European* governments seem to claim a superior and enlightened plan of rule, *courts, pageantry, intrigues, embassies, ostentation, jealousies* and grasping at power, are the leading characteristics, collectively and individually, if we confine ourselves to a reflection on our own system we may find ample scope for remark.

The *fabric* of our constitution consists of three estates *King*, *Lords* and *Commons*, but we have reason to suppose a fourth power, more potent exists, "*Wealth*" this Power from its irresistible agency, finds its paramount influence, in a certain *assembly*, what is the result? leagued with interest and ambition, it looks to the ultimate *climax* by a passive obedience to the *Minister*,

gratitude and policy on his part can refuse nothing not even a *Peerage*, this prerogative of the *Crown* can thus support its will and power uncontrouled, such a source added to unbounded patronage and confirmed *Sinecures*, approaches near *Monarchical* or a very limited sphere of *Oligarchy*, and it is sufficiently notorious that all offices and favors in church or state employ, civil or military must emanate from that fountain, but it is not necessary to extend a farther disquisition as regards *Home* but in the language of a pious *Bishop of Rochester*, to obey is the only province of the people.

The wisest institutions ever introduc'd among'st mankind however pure and noble, cannot be defended against the insinuating inroads of corruption; in the primitive days of virtuous *Rome* she approached perfection closely, and fell by her own faith and fatal credulity: to form an estimate of public institutions we must analize the quantity and quality of the good produced.

The government of the United States is certainly the most simple compound and most congenial with the true dignity of that *Being* called *Man* fashioned and formed in the *Model* of his creator as the noblest specimen and highly gifted proof of his omnipotence.

Equality of right—is Nature's Plan;
And following Nature—is the march of Man.

The American *fabric* Phœnix like sprung from its own *Ashes* its *basis* is *liberty* and the four orders employed in its architecture, are *wisdom*, *freedom*, *equality*, and *humanity*, it wisely recognizes no *orders* but simply in one philanthropic compact associates man with man, its executive is the peoples choice, the laws they reverence are their brave fathers legacies, who fired by virtue and indignant at oppression united in the common bonds of friendship and equal interest, fought, bled, and conquered at the shrine of genuine patriotism.

The *faith* they follow teaches them that a good man requires no express doctrine or the imposing jargon of priestcraft, orthodox, tenets, or sectarian *rant*, to teach him his duty, as an useful citizen or upright christian, or to constrain the latitude of his opinions to one principle.

"Heaven" has opened a "*Volume*" for the inspection of *Man* ascending from the poor *Beetle* which he treads on, to the dusky *Lion*, and descending from the mountain Pine to the humble Primrose and leaves him to draw his own conclusions, this being the *case* religious sentiments are no bar or hindrance to prevent the holding of any office, such a liberal and politic measure becomes a cement impervious and firm, again on the score of public

worship the expence of a *Pastor* becomes no burden to the people, because *Tythes* are not consider'd connected with *Man's* salvation, but such expence is a voluntary contribution of each and every *flock*, thus we may fairly conclude the conduct of the *reverends* comes nearer *St. Paul's* injunction to *Timothy* than some of our often plural fed "*incumbents*," because if the practice of *Mr. Preacher* is found at variance with his *precepts* "he is removed" (happy admirable plan) nor is he permitted to become a *civilian* and by vexatious, litigation and prejudice divide his fellow men, but standing aloof from all secular pursuits, harmonizes, by friendly and mild affection, the more sordid and speculative passions, by this chaste and virtuous plan of *duty* spiritual and temporal, he becomes respected, and accepted, as the *souls* physician, to administer to the mind diseased.

The simple structure of the American political machinery does not seem to require a many hands to work it, they are frugal housewives, keep no more cats than catch mice, they see no necessity for a profligate waste of the public money in bestowing pensions on unprincipled debauchees, for doing nothing, and on * *Titled* Dandies for doing less.

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* If I mistake not there are some eight Noble Paupers whose Pension Annuities, amounts to more money than the whole Civil Establishment of the American Government.

No compensation by way of *pension* exists except to (seamen and soldiers), I have often condemn'd this want of public gratitude on the part of the *Americans*, for I cannot but suppose the man of talent who for eminent services, has deserv'd the esteem and approbation of his country should be in some degree remunerated in a pecuniary manner, but Englishmen are so accustom'd to a (Red Book) and its monstrous *items* that a correct discrimination rarely takes place this injudicious system no doubt pleases two parties—and is in accordance with the chaste charity of *Hamlet*—

" The less they deserve the more Merit is in your Bounty."

The *American* Government having little or no Patronage to bestow, how are the representatives of the people compensated for their time and services?--*may be asked*, why the *American* representative is paid by the State or County, which he represents, he therefore cannot consistently play the knave, and deceive his constituents, or if he did, the period of servitude being so short—that is two years for a representative and four for a *senator;* such defection would not be mischievous.

Education in the United States is of the most liberal kind an useful routine of instruction—divested of absurd *dogmas*:—Children in America are first taught to rever-

ence and *honor* (GOD) only, next their duty to their fellow Men in a *civil* not a servile sense, hence Church Catechisms are considered dead letters, and are not wanted, are therefore kept within their proper *precincts* the "*Nursery*."

The simplicity of the American system, twist and torture it as we will, is so just and fine an equlibrium, making no distinction of men, but all equal partakers of its purity and blessing, that it gives fire and energy, life and animation to the whole round of human capacity and exertion, because man feels his leading passion gratify'd (self interest) it is for his own and family's welfare, not to feed others, his talents and industry are brought into action.

I have remark'd her jurisprudence appear'd to me imperfect, such I beg may not be considered, conclusive but merely as a remark, not perhaps, duly, and properly, examined, but may have hastily become amalgamated with prejudice, but be it as it may, the error being on the side of *mercy* we will willingly accept an *apology* and I am happy to find the expence and march of civilization and science extend their influence, as a *revision* in *congress* has recently taken place in favor of slave emancipation and humanity and a repeal of those bloody laws--they did not certainly enact.

An act passed in the year 1740, and made perpetual in 1783, it commences by a heart chilling enunciation relative to that odious and detestable deformity Slavery: "Whereas in his Majesty's Plantations, &c. &c. Slavery has been allowed; be it enacted that all *Negroes*, Mulattos, &c. &c. who are, or shall hereafter be in this *Province*, (the Carolinas) and all their issue and offspring born, and to be born, shall be and are hereby declared to be and remain for ever after absolute *Slaves*."

Clause 37th: "Be it enacted, that any person wilfully murdering a slave shall forfeit £100 sterling, and if any person shall on a sudden heat of passion, or by undue correction kill his own slave, or slave of another person, he shall forfeit £50."

Clause 38th, enacts a penalty of £14 for cutting out the tongue, dismembering and other tortures inflicted by any other instrument than a horsewhip, cow skin, or small stick.

Clause 45th, inflicts a penalty of £100 for teaching a slave to write.

At the commencement of the late war with America, and during a great part of its progress, the people were divided into three parties, *Republicans*, *Federalists*,

and *Democrats*, the first forms the most numerous and soundest part of the population (by far); the *Federalists* are a party clinging to *titles*, *crowns*, *mitres*, distinctions and aristocracy, exalting the few and humiliating the *million*:—the *Democrats* are a few only and of no consequence, a party, I was informed in America, who were jealous of rule and power, and could dispense with all moral organization. The *Federalists* during the late war opposed the government in the most unnatural and treasonable manner, even preventing in the Eastern States the raising of loans, such was the *case* until an event took place which reconciled all parties, the destruction of *Washington* by the *British Forces*: "John Bull" was pleased because he fancied a *victory*, and *Jonathan* was pleased because such event wounded the national honor; after that I am confident no *European* force could have conquered *America*, and if she steers clear of faction and its destructive coadjutors, if no such contravention takes place, in all human probability, at some period, she must in a great measure, dictate to the world, as it is natural to suppose, the two *Republics* of North and South *America*, swayed and actuated by laws and energies the same, and as it were created of the same materials, no jealousies can exist, as no extent of empire on either side can be desired, as they divide nearly a third part of the habitable globe, and as their frontier extends nearly 10,000 miles, ordinary mathematicians may form a kind of guess what numbers would be requisite to attempt an invasion, equally as feasible

would be the bottling off the Atlantic; sad experience taught European tactics a different doctrine, and I am persuaded the invisible ambush and the majic rifle would paralyse with horror the stoutest hearts, without the chance of retribution; such has been the *case*, and will ever be a *barrier*, but there exists a *cause* more *potent* than rifles or forests: any *force* sent from any European Legitimate would want that something they could exhibit any where but *America*, because seamen and soldiers are not so grossly pampered with royalty and loyalty as to reject *feeling;* they know they are destined to oppose a host of freemen, self created freemen, and they covet a share of their real or imaginary happiness:* such reflection naturally would and has enerv'd and palsied the arm of sanguine hostility, these considerations and her great distance from Europe will enable her, at a small expence, to guard herself, and laugh at obtruders, and as she has all the resources and conveniences of life within herself, it would be impolitic and futile to attempt her subversion.

One *Volunteer* is worth twenty Pressed Men, a good old proverb in *American Practice*, which imparts a different impulse, from that rotten *portion* of our system and of itself speaks *Volumes.*

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* When the crew of the captur'd GUERRIER were landed at New London (Connecticut) they were not marched to a loathsome PRISON, but were free to provide for themselves by any industrious means and where they pleased, and some of those very individuals ar now Topping Farmers.

I have observed defection to a great extent existed during the late *war*, yet, strange to tell, although the *President* was armed with full powers, and had at his disposal the *Habeus Corpus Act*, yet he wisely refrained from the exercise of any coercive measure, and on the justice of the contest and the sober sense of the people firmly relied, he was not deceived, and that fortitude foiled, defeated and shamefully degraded the pigmy machinations of a treasonable faction, and it is curious that no secret service money was required by, or granted to the chief *Magistrate*, or the worthy offices of an *Edwards* or an *Oliver*, &c. &c. deemed essential, nor in the piping time of peace is it found requisite to maintain a standing *Army*, that people will not allow it, that people pay and they rule, and as the good *Citizen* forms the *Soldier*, "vice versa" the good *Soldier* forms the *Citizen*.

With respect to the *American* system, its relative value, and to the advancement it may be considered as having made in the science of *Politics*, there will probably exist much diversity of opinion, but none I think as to its utility with reference to the *American* people, it has survived the tender period of infancy, and out-lived the prophecies of its downfall, its principles have been fostered into maturity and their application illustrated by experience, it has borne the nation through a period of domestic difficulties and external danger, it has been found serviceable both in peace and war, and may well

Plagiarism
See Todd's Travels 1820

claim from the nation it has saved and honored the votive benediction of

ESTO PERPETUA.

In reference to the climate of *America*, so extreme is its Continent, or rather the two *Hemispheres*, (North and South) stretching through all the five Zones, that it possesses every variety of climate, soil and production which the earth affords: the *Middle Eastern* and Northern States of North *America* are, in general, salubrious and compatible with the constitutions of northern Europeans, but the southern States I should conclude too *hot*, and consequently more suitable for native constitutions *south of France*, but to be brief, in the States of *Pensylvania*, *New York*, and province of *Upper Canada* alone, there is yet convenient vacancy for half the people in Europe, and a finer climate no where exists, and as the more remote States westward become cleared and cultivated, doubtless a many *diseases*, now existing, will be removed; in fact, every thing in *America* appears to require the mellowing hand of Time to invest her with the *Regal* "Insignia" as

QUEEN OF THE PACIFIC.

Now as the hour of final seperation is about to take place between me, the United States, and its people, I shall attempt a kind of impossibility—that is a character of a community who have not yet obtained any, and shall add such general information, founded upon actual personal information, that is most essential to be understood, and compatible with my promise and wishes; and such, I hope, will impart advice on the principal object, and lead to a correct decision.

To emigrate, or not to emigrate—that is the question; and who, and what trades or occupations are the most eligible, and other miscellaneous remarks connected.

After the successive visits of Columbus, Americanus, and the *Cabots*, a religious sect crossed the Atlantic, and were followed by a race of criminals, vulgarly called *transports*—men of taste and science, whose *fingering* propensities gave them sweet powers, far beyond the fabled talent of *Master Orpheus;* prodigies in the region of harmony, they rejected the dulcet notes drawn from the fretted *chords—Oh wonderous genius?* and in ravishing strains upon the *ankled manacles*, melted the very soul of every sea-god and wood-demon to pity by—

"Hope told a flattering Tale,
And "Fare thee well, Manchester."

But a solution of their pedigrees is too complex--more difficult to ascertain than *Welch* progenitorship, which precedes Adam, or the stable consanguinity of *Eclipse*, *Humbletonian*, *Sir Joshua*, *Dutchess*, *Joan of Arc*, or *Miss Bailey*.

Europe, from war, changes and revolutions, became embarrassed in taxation and debt; such circumstances naturally created a desire to seek emancipation, and the American Quarter of the Globe held out the most flattering invitations, though in fact there was no other asylum; and many adventurers, who sought that country, from ten to forty years ago, became successful, and they or their descendants are now in competent circumstances. Since that period, she has rapidly increased in population, imposts and taxes, and decreased in commerce. Her government first demands notice; for if not the best it is certainly the cheapest upon earth. The elective right rests with the people, as respects its executive; literally the whole body politic emanates from public choice, but comparatively small as is the patronage of that Government, power and corruption guide that choice; still, as the period of office is of so short duration, the influence of those evils are less hostile to the present invulnerable fabric of the Constitution.

The Americans are not a yielding passive race of contented plodders, to innovating power, and curtailed liberty; but like judicious and wary paymasters, see the

work properly performed, and, as they are tenacious, guard against any encroachment; thus that source, from whence springs authority, becomes a barrier or equilibrium between the rulers and the ruled; Qualifications for President, Vice-President, Senators, Representatives, &c. are—first, capacity, then possessors of certain property to different amounts, citizenship, age, &c. &c.-The Constitutions of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Jersey, Pensylvania, and the Carolinas, require a profession of a belief in Christianity, and several of them limit the species of it to Protestanism; an act of the Virginia Assembly requires a belief of the Trinity in unity. By the Constitution of Connecticut, all freemen are eligible to all offices; and the Western States only require the peoples choice. Religion is as free as the air they breathe, that is, all modes of worship are tolerated without prejudice to the respective votaries, and as every flock keeps its own shepherd, their churches and chapels are distinguished and known by the names of the respective preachers, and as they can remove their pastors, their Temples often change their title;—the most prevalent and successful are the doctrines of the Unitarians, Universalists, and sour unkind, uncompromising Calvanism—enemy to health and all social enjoyment. OMNIPOTENCE gave not to man moral propensities to condemn him to eternal misery!—*Perish the thought!* These charitable Elect, in the greater part of New England, exclude all national amusement—the fine arts, and even music;—thus St. Cecilia is condemned as a *piano-*

forte playing hussey, and such frigidity of sentiment, freezes the more congenial and generous Avenues of the *Soul*, except the nearest way to dollars, and to (Heaven.)

The solemnization of marriage is seldom consummated in any place of worship, but is considered legal, if performed in any private house, or tavern, by a Squire or Magistrate,* who simply demands whether the party are free, able, and willing, and then pronounces his *rivetting* official injunction; that is, to increase, multiply, and replenish the earth, for which he receives a fee, according to the circumstances of the happy pair.

Baptism is rarely resorted to as a Christian form; thus it is as parents name their offspring as they think pro-

* One of these Versatile gentlemen I met with in the State of New Jersey, whose multifarious occupations I thought an improvement on the industrious parish clerk, CALEB QUOTEM; though (to use an American phrase) of a "higher grade." He was a Representative for the County---a Militia Colonel---a Magistrate---Postmaster of the District---Collector of the State Taxes---and chief BONIFACE of the neighbourhood; to which, upon this occasion, he added a faithful representation of SAM, in "Raising the wind," by honouring us at breakfast with the patronage and superintendence of the---tea pot.

per, we meet so many out-of-the-way names in America, that could not be found even on *Mount Olympus* on a grand *gala day*.

Cheerfully willing to honor truth with real respect, I concede to the Americans a greater portion of external moral principle than is to be found among our lower orders of the community: their taciturnity I have complained of, but if they are not loquacious, they are not rude, nor in their conversation and manners disgusting. How far the historic placidity of character exists amongst the Gentoos of the east, or our more immediate neighbours, the Swiss, a (subject that has attracted the notice of many a muse in poetic song) I know not; but in America I observed an invariable deviation from those rude manners and habits of profane and uncalled-for swearing and obscenity, so frequent and painful in our public streets, and even polluting our village scenes.

Public boast often becomes a dreadful satirist, and no where more than in the United States. In their newspapers you are frequently told of Republican gratitude, and such is explained by a public dinner—one given here to General *this*, and another there, to Commodore *that;* but the less you say, Jonathan, of *gratitude*, the

less you will outrage truth, and court derision.—Where are the remains of your WASHINGTON and his colleagues? Where the recently-consigned dust of your brave PERRY, your naval hero, the first American who ever foiled the English in squadron?—and now a living ruin gives the lie to your presumption.—The venerable TRUMBULL, whose meridian days were spent in your service, as an upright and inflexible Judge, and whose Poem of "*M'Fingal*" you loudly acknowledge, in the days of your Revolution imparted more benefit than thousands of *rifles* in aid of that memorable event!—now, Jonathan, that judge, and that author, at the age of 70, is obliged to publish for subsistence his mental productions!

The Americans are an enterprising people, active and industrious, remarkably subtle, and possess a deal of what is called forethought, or *look before you leap;* and if by any chance of shuffling deception they can rob you of a dollar, it is a feather in the cap of genius of more honor to the *thief*, than two dollars obtained by laudable industry; and such knavery confers on them the *enviable* distinction of *smart fellows* and *wide awake.*

Well educated law and medical gentlemen would find no advantage or satisfaction by the change, because every

Hog presumes to explain *Bacon;* and any *basilicon buck* may usurp M. D. or A. S. S. The Fine Arts, or scientific men, are not much in request; they want no WESTS, MORELANDS, or STUBBS; such luxuries are not consistent with American taste, because inconvenient to American pockets. The caricatures of TEGG or FORES are preferred and held in high estimation; two shillings will make any purchase, and the subjects being generally national embarrassments, or personal burlesques in high life, are considered charming by Jonathan, who delights to laugh at poor brother John's mishaps.—Mechanics of every description, (smiths, carpenters, wheelwrights and millwrights excepted) had, in my opinion, founded on observation and sad complaint, better stay at home; the Americans are not an ignorant race of uncultivated beings—look at their naval architecture, the most beautiful symmetry of its kind, as a specimen. The above excepted trades will always meet employ and great wages, because of the continual erection of towns. Such in Upper Canada, or if political prejudices exclude from there, I would recommend the opposite side—the western part of the state of New York. I certainly do recommend that part of the American Continent, because it is the most healthy—no trifling consideration;—

"A bold peasantry is its country's pride."

If such a man could, by *balloon conveyance*, find himself and half a score stout sons in Canada, £50 in his

pocket, a good stock of health and strength, and his happy soul feels no regret, who could *hum* "*God Save the King*," as an *axe* stimulant, or whistle "*Bob and Joan*," as a *spade* accompaniment—that is the man; but what can I say to the British farmer? Here I am perplexed; because at the present time it is very unfavorable against America, consequently no just criterion exists, as the low price of produce in England seriously affects the American markets. If a farmer decides on the change, I still will say Canada, or opposite. If he goes to the east, he will there find in the Yankee character, combined, the tolerable mechanic, the fisherman, and the farmer—men who can navigate the globe in a bathing tub, or search the womb of horrible Vesuvius, when a dollar is to be obtained. If he goes to the South, he finds a few rich planters, and a miserable black population, in bondage—a fevered, unhealthy climate, and a system of agriculture he knows nothing about. If he goes to the Westward, led by Mr. Birkbeck's criminal delusion—mark the difficulties.—On the farmer's landing either at New York, Philadelphia, Alexandria, or Baltimore, one thousand guineas, and no less sum, would be indispensable, and one ton of bark, half a ton of calomel, one hogshead of castor oil, and fifty gallons of laudanum. The distance to the domain of this *Surrey*, and I may add, *sorry blade*, from any of the above ports, is at least twelve hundred miles, and seven hundred from market—New Orleans. Arrived in this Western Paradise, through difficulties of which he has no con-

ception, he builds, and *plants* (after his *Midas*-blessed purchase has taken place) cows, pigs, horses, &c.—Money by this time is gone; in the course of two or three years he may have produce for market; he sends such to an agent, or consignee—is he paid in cash?—No. How then? Why barter. Thus it is he gets no money, and as they say, he wants no money. The implements or medical working tools I have prescribed, cannot be omitted, as agues and bilious fevers, &c. are certain, and often certain death too; and it would be desirable a farmer, previous to his *Illinois* visit should study pharmacy and phlebotomy. Such remarks I have heard made in a similar manner, by very respectable Americans, I therefore resign Mr. Birkbeck up to public opinion.

The fact is Mr. B. aspiring to the rank of a Western *Prince*, purchased a considerable tract of Land, then finding out his mistake, aimed at a *Retrieval*, wrote his *Letters* and (Angled) for "Lunatics."

In the Western States, (Virginia, Georgia, &c.) they have a savage custom of "*gouging;*" that is, for any trifling offence, they will not resent it in a plain and manly manner, but the wretched victim is waylaid, and the knuckles are forced into the sockets of the eyes!--thus the blessed orb of light is for ever removed and extinguished.

Provisions of all kinds are much cheaper than in England; spirits, wine, &c. and clothes, furniture, &c. equally as cheap; house-rent in the large towns is very

high, as also firing; taxes are not worth a consideration. Some articles I have observed, that is meat, is far inferior to ours; as beef, mutton, lamb, veal, &c. the oxen are, by labour and neglect, brought to mere skin and bone, then prepared for market, by the application of Indian corn, which (being of an oily nature) hastily loads them with fat; the meat looks uncommonly fine, thus *fed*, but in the cooking one half is waste, the other sinew and gristle; mutton, &c. becomes dry and insipid; but pigs and poultry it suits, and they are indeed luxuries.

The State of Ohio has been pointed out by such writers, (or rather literary gentlemen as Mr. Palmer) as a peculiarly favored portion of the American Continent, because of the great advantage arising from the *prairies*, (as they are termed) which means an extensive boundary of land without timber—a sort of marshy plain. Now in order that we may come to something like correct demonstration, by the power of ratiocination, let us enquire and consider how far such recommendations to Europeans, (expressly Englishmen) accords with humanity, or tantamount with policy, compared with the other divisions of the Union, or Canada.

Those *prairies*, being swampy, or in plain English, boggy land, exhale agues and fevers innumerable, and such are rather formidable and unprofitable associates, and this *seasoning*, (as it is very properly termed by the Americans) is a kind of human ordeal (unavoidable,) and such plagues are inseparable in all the Western States.

The great distance from markets, and no population to cause a consumption at home, keeps produce low, and consequently farmers low too. As a proof of my statements, the cattle jobbers from New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, and Baltimore, though great the distance, (600 miles and upwards) find it a profitable speculation to make their purchases in the State of Ohio, &c. &c.: and other productions, such as grain, &c must find those markets by river conveyance, which expence naturally falls on the articles and returned *barter* to the farmer, such as groceries, liquors, wearing apparel, &c becomes increased in price to him, because of carriage expences. The great distance from market is a serious draw-back and inconvenience; such is the case in Upper Canada, and in every part such difficulty exists, in proportion to the distance from large towns. Though Canada has a superior advantage over the Western country, her inhabitants are settled on or near the banks of her great and navigable lakes and rivers, the same observation is applicable to her opposite neighbours, the Americans, who occupy in like manner.

It is generally understood in *England*, that the expence of clearing land in *America* of its heavy timber must be very great, and no return towards such expence, those suppositions are erroneous, for, upon enquiry, I found that where such clearings are made in the neighbourhood of rivers and lakes, the transportation of potash,

staves for *Coopers* use, &c. to the seaports for foreign exportation, leaves a surplus profit to the farmer, and the conveyance of water carriage in *America* is so general, that I know no part without navigable waters for boats of some description, or *rafts;* these rafts are timbers rudely fastened together, say 80 feet long and 60 broad, a temporary cabin in the centre, and some four hands to work it, these rafts are soon constructed at the conflux of different waters on the *Mississippi, Ohio, Delaware, Missouri,* &c. &c. and at the foot of *Lake Ontario,* on the *St. Lawrence,* descending with an immense load of timber down to *Quebec,* a distance of near 400 miles, the same observation is applicable to other produce as well as timber and potash, flour in barrels, maize, or Indian corn, buck-wheat, pork, &c. &c.; and it is fair to observe, the *American* and Canadian farmer have a far greater variety of produce than the British farmer; he grows his own tobacco, he makes from peaches good brandy, from rye excellent whiskey for home consumption and exportation, he grows abundance of apples; not a house, or log hut, but what have very extensive orchards, consequently great quantities of cyder, he grows his own *sugar* from the beautiful *maple,* a process the most simple, in *March* an incision is made in the trunk of the trees and the sap is thus drained from them into proper vessels, the whole being collected together is received into a *boiler* and by the action of fire it soon becomes candied, but like the poor *African* or the kind hearted *Indian,* its complexion depreciates its value, and

all these distillations, extracts, and concretions, are made without that blighting and pernicious *wand* the EXCISEMAN's STICK.

I will now, in a concise manner, recapitulate the principal heads and observations most essential, and finally point out the most convenient ports for embarkation.—The British emigrant has to encounter heavy expences and perils—as a single plank is the only separation between the inmates of a ship and eternity! His constitution has to contend with a change of climate, from an unequalled one like that of Great Britain—take it for all in all—to a health withering hemisphere, to English constitutions with the exception of that portion I have pointed out; the fluctuation of our atmosphere is nothing compared to that of America. On the 10th of January, 1817, the peach and orange trees in the neighbourhood of Charleston were in blossom and bearing; and on the 18th the crew of a schooner on Lake Ponchartrain, in the same district, were frozen to death! In the month of February, 1820, I was mid-leg in snow and, over head fevered with a burning sun!—Hence it is a climate so oppressed with terrible extremes, makes mere thread-papers of the living; and the pale Serjeant Death is seldom in that country disposed to *joke* or grant indulgencies, by giving warning—but sweeps off regiments, often well in the morning, and in the grave at night!—(according to law) In the summer of 1819, a cargo of emigrants from Bel-

fast, (97 in number) landed at New Orleans in good health, and in five days the whole were consigned to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns!"

Again, the emigrant has to contend with a shrewd, people, whose customs, manners and habits are inimical to his own, and at the present time a people whose pecuniary affairs, commerce, &c. are as much, and more embarrassed, (according to their poverty and resources), as any people in Europe: for in the State of New York alone there have been more Sheriff's Sales for taxes (few and so little oppressive as they are) within the last twelve months, and twice the number of bankrupt farmers; and I am convinced no change for the better can take place in America, unless a famine should desolate Europe, and America should be blessed with abundance, or a war for twenty-five years should again ravage Europe, and America again become a profitable speculator and common carrier to half the globe!—such things are not, impossible, but rather improbable--unless, I repeat, Jonathan can, from such causes, laugh in his sleeve, and again ridicule his brother John, as contending for the bone, while he runs away with the better part. America cannot entertain hopes respecting general improvement; manufacturies they cannot establish; they want capital, and what is a greater obstacle, they want the permission of the Southern planters, who, as we say, rule the roast; for planters, merchants and ship-owners are swayed by one motive, and such form Legislators.

An observation, not extraneous to the *term Legislators*, I cannot omit, it was with surprise I noticed at *Washington*, the *President*, doubtless the first Magistrate on the face of the *globe*, (James Munroe) Senators, and Representatives, at the sober hour of *nine* in the morning, going to their legislative labours on *foot* with a simple *umbrella* to shield them from the rain; but admiration exhibits its brilliancy in the person of an *Ex-President* (Mr Jefferson) the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence, whom the un-bought voice of his fellow citizens called to the exercise of a dignity higher than that of *Kings*, succeeds with graceful dignity to that of the good neighbour, and becomes the friendly adviser, lawyer, physician and even gardener of his vicinity, what *Monarch* would venture thus to exhibit himself in the nakedness of his humanity, this, this is indeed the "still small voice" of philosophy, deeper and holier than the lightnings and earthquakes that have preceded it.

The laws of Canada are extremely mild and indulgent, as are those of Pensylvania, whose inhabitants are chiefly Quakers and Germans; and the land of the two divisions, and I may add, the State of New York is equal to any in the country, and other local circumstances are of superior advantage; the compensation of mechanics and labourers, of course, will vary according to the demand for them in different States.—Thus have I carefully en-

deavoured to render every information; but it is impossible to positively impose this place or that, because I am sensible, let the emigrant's pursuit be what it may, his choice becomes bewildered on his arrival; for one will point out the State of Missouri—another Massachusets, the almost extreme boundaries east and west.

The pages I have not swelled or augmented by a prolix detail of pointing out distances from place to place —as there stands a tree, or here runs a stream, which I consider unnecessary, and indeed useless. If, therfore, such remarks should be considered worthy of adoption, to remain *at home*, I have conscientiously, in an unprejudiced manner, gained my purpose. On the reverse, should a *transportation* be decided on, I hope I have offered some means of defence and caution; and I sincerely wish those a safe passage, and the blessing of health, peace, and plenty.

And now to my distinguished friends, who kindly honored me with their fostering patronage as SUBSCRIBERS, I once more appeal; I am aware a barrenness of intellect, as well as the cold hand of penury, will appear on the feature of these pages: yet poor as I am, I am still rich in thanks. I humbly, therefore, intreat, (though last, not least) they will deign to accept the permanent and unfeigned gratitude of their

Obedient, devoted Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

CONCLUSION.

PROBABLY the freedom of my remarks respecting some of the American leading characters, may be considered libellous; but, I presume, the following will protect me from the Philistine grasp of American *ex-officio* obtrusion.—I have observed, that disaffection was thundered from the pulpit during the late war in America; now as I do not wish to be condemned as a prejudiced aspersor, I respectfully submit the following quotations from different SERMONS during the war period;—such language would with us have been pronounced, at least, if not treason, sedition: yet *there* such was not noticed:

"If you do not wish to become the slaves of those who own slaves, and who are themselves the slaves of French slaves, you must, in the language of the day, cut the connection," &c.---[Sermon by the Rev. F. Gardener, Boston, preached July 23, 1812.]

According to the Rev. Dr. OSGOOD—

"Whoever assisted the Government in any way to carry on the war, was, in the sight of God, and his law, a murderer."---[Sermon, June 27, 1812.

"Were not the authors of this War in character nearly a-kin to the Deists and Atheists of France?---Were they not men of hardened hearts, seared consciences, reprobate minds, and des-

perate wickedness, it seems utterly inconceivable that they should have made the Declaration."---Idem.

"If at the present moment no symptoms of civil war appear they certainly will soon, unless the courage of the war party should fail them."---[Idem.

The Rev. ELIJAH PARISH thus exhorts his Congregation:—

"New England, if invaded, would be obliged to defend herself; do you not then owe it to your children, to your God, to make peace for yourselves."---[Sermon, April 7, 1814.

"The full vials of despotism are poured on your heads, and yet you may challenge the plodding Israelite, the stupid African the feeble Chinese, the drowsy Turk, or the frozen exile of Siberia, to equal you in tame submission to the powers that be."---[Idem.

"How will the supporters of this Antichristian warfare endure their sentence?---endure that fire that for ever burns, the worm which never dies, while the smoke of their torment ascends for ever and ever!---[Idem.

PORTS OF EMBARKATION.

LONDON and LIVERPOOL are the principal; but the latter place is infinitely preferable, both in respect to ships, and frequency of departure for every American port. Having engaged a passage on board one of those *horses of the main*, you proceed to obtain stores, according to circumstances; a frequent use of rhubarb, or Epsom salts, would be found beneficial during the passage. Finally, let me suppose the emigrant landed in safety, and in good health; if such intend to purchase land, to be careful; in Upper Canada it is given conditionally to respectable men, but be cautious in the States: let no arrear of taxes be a kind of heir-loom, and be assured of a *legal title*, before you part with a dollar. I am sorry, as in duty bound, to recommend and suggest a modern term in the *flash* vocabulary of the day, become *deep files;*—in one brief emphatic meaning, let GREEK MEET GREEK. Irrevocably fixed in opinion, that such and other precautions I have stated, are indispensable—I am inclined to admit, that a livelier pen than mine has formed for me an *ultimatum*.

"*England with all thy faults, I love thee still.*"

FINIS.

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